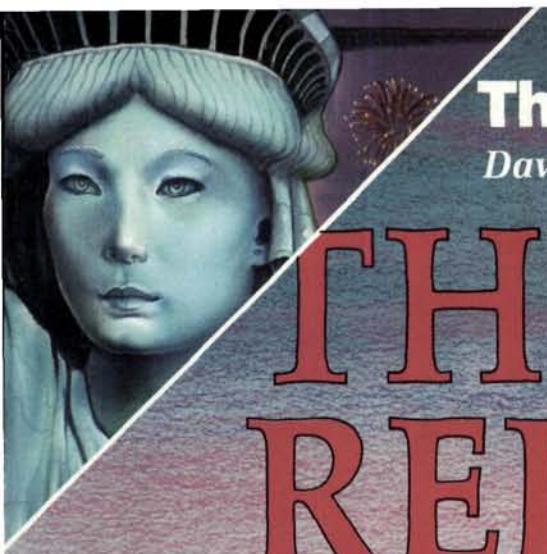
JULY 15 & 22, 1985 • $1.95



The Triumph of Asian-Americans

David A. Bell on our nation's biggest success story

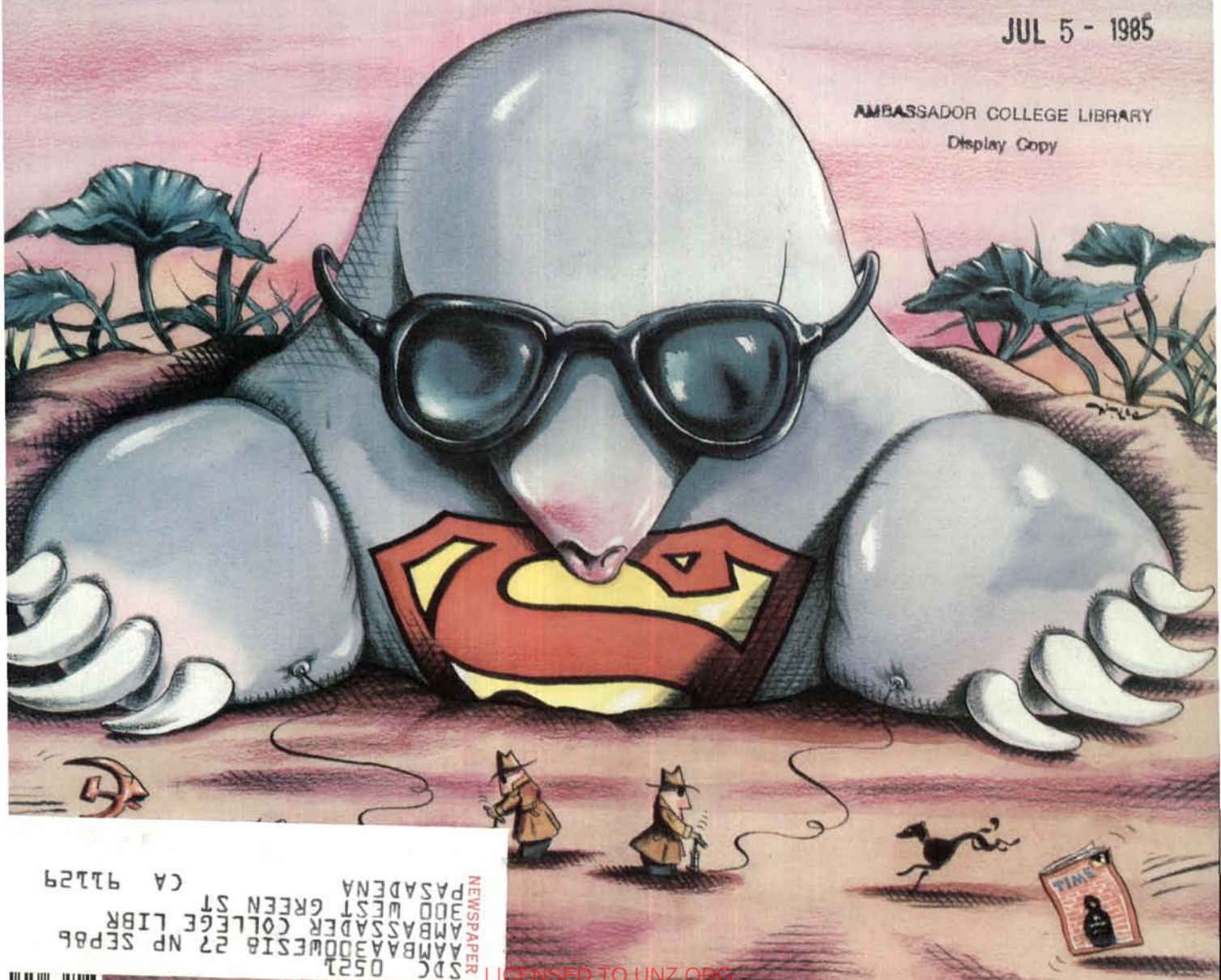
THE NEW REPUBLIC

THE SHEVCHENKO FRAUD

Edward Jay Epstein on the invention of a supermole

JUL 5 - 1985

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Display Copy



NEWSPAPER
SDC 0521
AAMBAA300WESI8 27 NP SEP86
AMBASSADER COLLEGE LIBR
300 WEST GREEN ST
PASADENA CA 91129

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Certainly Philip Roth's finest achievement to date, eclipsing even his best single fictions"

"***Zuckerman Bound*** **binds together** ***The Ghost Writer***, ***Zuckerman Unbound*** **and** ***The Anatomy Lesson***, **adding to them as epilogue a wild short novel,** ***The Prague Orgy***, **which is at once the bleakest and the funniest writing Roth has done."**
—HAROLD BLOOM, Front cover, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

"Reading all four books consecutively is a rich, diverse and remarkable experience, justifying fully the claim that *Zuckerman Bound* is Roth's magnum opus.... The combination of trenchant, meaningful satire with consistent laughter at ourselves and our foibles and pretensions is a badly needed gift few writers can give us. Roth is preeminent in this regard today...*Zuckerman Bound* is indeed a 'big' book for the *entire* summer, and much longer than that."
—DON SKILES, *San Francisco Chronicle*

"*Zuckerman Bound* shows the author's always ebullient invention and artful prose at their most polished and concentrated." —*The New Yorker*

"Roth is clearly one of our best writers, and this is his finest moment." —JAY PARINI, *Vanity Fair*

"*The Prague Orgy* is one of Roth's most brilliant (and funniest) works...Now that Roth's Zuckerman saga is done, it's clear that he's composed a lithe comic masterpiece."—WALTER CLEMONS, *Newsweek*

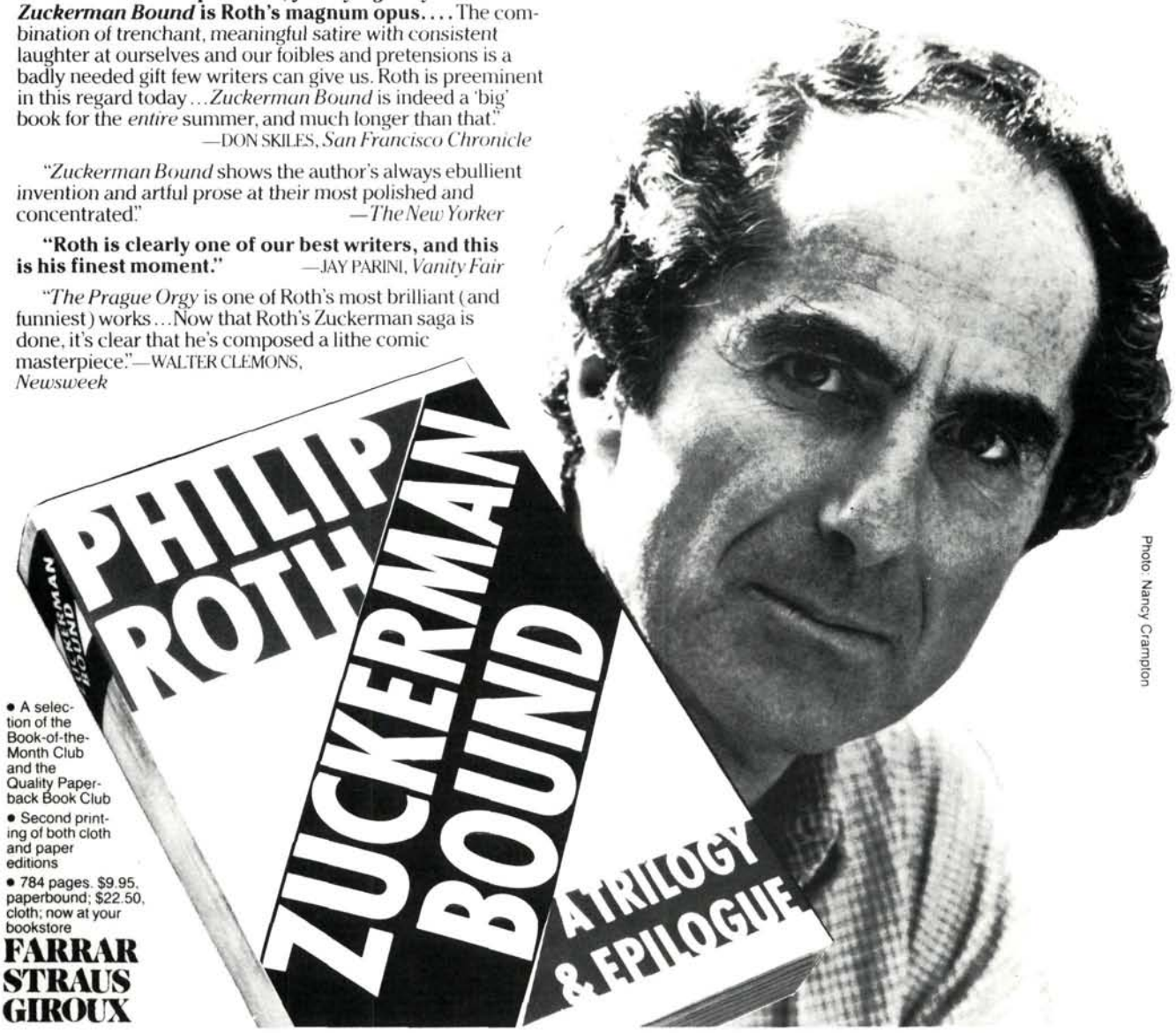


Photo: Nancy Crampton

- A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Quality Paperback Book Club
- Second printing of both cloth and paper editions
- 784 pages. $9.95, paperbound; $22.50, cloth; now at your bookstore

FARRAR STRAUS GIROUX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUES 3,678 & 3,679

WASHINGTON, D.C. — JULY 15 & 22, 1985

Editor-in-Chief and President
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KINSLEY
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT,
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN
Associate Editor
JEFFERSON MORLEY
New Republic Books Editor
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston)
STEVE WASSERMAN
Films — *Theater*
STANLEY KAUFFMANN — ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Music — *Poetry*
EDWARD ROTHSTEIN — ROBERT PINSKY
Economics Correspondent
ROBERT KUTTNER
Contributing Editors
ABRAHAM BRUMBERG,
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE,
JAMES K. GLASSMAN, HENDRIK HERTZBERG,
JOHN KEEGAN, MORTON KONDRACKE,
R.W.B. LEWIS, MARK CRISPIN MILLER,
ROBERT B. REICH, PAUL ROBINSON,
MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL,
RICHARD L. STROUT, E. V. THAW,
ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN,
MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD
West Coast Correspondent
MICKEY KAUS
Staff Writer
CHARLES LANE
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Assistant to the Editors
NANCY E. MILLER
Production Manager
PATRICIA A. HOPPER
Copy Editor
JAMIE BAYLIS
Production Associate
BRUCE STEINKE
Reporter-Researchers
MICHAEL HIRSCHORN,
TERENCE MORAN, AMY E. SCHWARTZ

Publisher
JEFFREY L. DEARTH
Associate Publisher
REED PHILLIPS
Controller
J. KRISTINE KLASMAN
Advertising Manager
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Circulation Director
TOM HICKS
Circulation Manager
GENE SITTENFELD
Assistant to the Controller
MARIA F. SALATTI
Circulation Assistant
ROBIN CHERRY
Assistant to the Advertising Manager
CATHERINE SCHILLING
Advertising Representative
KEVIN LONDON
Accounting Assistant
LYNN J. CLEMENT
Back Issues and Reception
DARLENE BUSCAGLIO
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... GIVING IN, GETTING EVEN
Contrasting solutions for terrorism.

6 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On Court-packing, note-stacking, &c.

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... THE RIGHT TO DIE IN BED
What the terror crisis is all about.

NOTEBOOK
Flora, fauna, &c.

9 **KURT EICHENWALD** ..... ON THE HILL: THE BIG SHAKEDOWN
Cashing in on fear of tax reform.

10 **FRED BARNES** ..... THE PRESS: SHIITE SPIN CONTROL
When it comes to manipulating the press, Nabih Berri makes Ronald Reagan look like an amateur.

14 **RONALD STEEL** ..... WHO, US?
Why Americans are targets of terrorism.

15 **TIMOTHY GARTON ASH** ..... GERMANY AFTER BITBURG
When is a nationalist not a nationalist?

17 **ANTONY J. BLINKEN** ..... BROWN'S BLACKS
A campus revolt reveals less about the school's racism than about students' conflicting demands.

19 **WILLIAM SCHNEIDER** ..... THE PERILS OF POPULISM
The Reaganites are claiming the label, but they don't understand it.

21 **KEN BODE** ..... BALLOT BOLLIX
Are black Alabama activists guilty of vote fraud or victims of white intimidation?

24 **DAVID A. BELL** ..... THE TRIUMPH OF ASIAN-AMERICANS
The classic American success story is being reenacted once again, this time more spectacularly than ever.

32 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK, AND OTHERS
Altman's tricky Dick; one contrived *Cocoon*.

33 **EDWARD ROTHSTEIN** ..... ON MUSIC: UPPER WEST SIDE STORY
Bernstein's musical becomes a very peculiar opera.

35 **EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN** ..... THE SPY WHO CAME IN TO BE SOLD
How the CIA, the FBI, the KGB, CBS, *Time*, and Alfred A. Knopf invented Arkady Shevchenko, the best-selling supermole.

41 **HEATHER MCHUGH** ..... POEM *Take Care*

42 **FRANK RICH** ..... CHILLY SCENES OF SUMMER
Love Always by Ann Beattie

45 **SAMUEL HYNES** ..... EPISTOLARY EPIC
Bernard Shaw: Collected Letters 1911-1925 edited by Dan H. Laurence

47 **IAN HACKING** ..... LIBERATING THE LABORATORY
Reflections on Gender and Science by Evelyn Fox Keller

51 **WASHINGTON DIARIST** ..... THE DEAD DOCTOR

COVER Art for "The Shevchenko Fraud" by Michael C. Witte (article on page 35); for "The Triumph of Asian-Americans" by Bryan Leister (article on page 24).

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 193, Numbers 3 & 4, Issues 3,678 & 3,679, July 15 & 22, 1985. (Printed on June 26, 1985.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 7 & 14, July 15 & 22, Aug. 12 & 19, and Sept. 16 & 23, 1985) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $48; foreign, $73; Canada, $60. Back issues, $2.50 (includes postage & handling).

©1985 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737-0001.** For subscription problems call **800-645-9559** (In N.Y. State call 800-732-9119).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

Giving In, Getting Even

Tenet number one of the tough-guy approach to terrorism, more often proclaimed than honored, always has been: never negotiate with terrorists or give in to their demands. One problem with this resounding principle is that it conflicts with another fundamental tenet about terrorism, often proclaimed with equal passion by hard-liners, which is that the goal of terrorists is not merely the successful extortion of prisoners or money but the erosion of civilized society. As Secretary of State George Schultz said last year, "The terrorist seeks to undermine institutions, to destroy popular faith in moderate government, and to shake the people's belief in the very idea of democracy." The main purpose of terrorism, in short, is terror itself; the satisfaction of specific demands is the least of it.

That being so, even a steadfast policy of refusing to "give in" may not be a very effective way to discourage terrorism. As Richard Cohen pointed out recently in *The Washington Post*, Israel's policy of never giving in hasn't made Israel any less of a terrorist target. The purpose of decades of terror against Israel has not been to gain the release of some prisoners. It has been to make the nascent nation seem like an unworkable proposition. The terror failed, but not because of Israel's refusal to give in on specific demands.

In fact, not giving in may be worse than ineffective if it turns an otherwise brief episode into an extended siege, as seems to be happening with the TWA passengers in Beirut. Hanging tough may actually serve the larger purpose of terrorism. Every night's television news becomes an advertisement for the breakdown of civilization, the powerlessness of democracies, the triumph of chaos. President Reagan's decision to cancel his California vacation was in some ways a more important victory for terrorism than the release of any number of prisoners. If this crisis continues even half as long as the Tehran marathon of five years ago, it will be terrorism's greatest victory no matter what the outcome.

So how can we avoid a debilitating endless crisis? By the time you read this, President Reagan may have tried something dramatic. If not, what's holding him back is fear for the lives of these hostages. Is that shortsighted or cowardly? Not at all. An extreme reluctance to sacrifice identifiable innocent individuals for the greater social good is one of the things civilization is all about, however costly or illogical this may be (the millions spent rescuing a trapped miner could save a dozen anonymous lives in more mundane ways) and however skillfully uncivilized thugs may exploit such civilized sentimentality (by doing their best to personalize the hostages to the American TV audience).

For these reasons, the current hostage episode seems to have produced a new hard-line consensus, at least in Washington, about how to deal with terrorism. The solution has a certain Zen quality—victory through capitulation. The recipe is: give in on the specific demands, to get the hostages released, then retaliate in a big, big way.

In this case the specific demand has been the release by Israel of over 700 prisoners taken during its withdrawal from southern Lebanon. Some of those who urge giving in have been quite two-faced about it. On TV the conservative columnist Robert Novak accused Israel of inviting terrorism with its recent release of 1,100 Palestinian prisoners in exchange for three Israelis. Then, in virtually the same breath, he attacked Israel for its refusal to end the crisis by releasing the 700 Lebanese. If Israel had released the Lebanese right away and (as is likely) this only led to new demands from the terrorists, people like Novak would have accused Israel of giving away the West's only trump card.

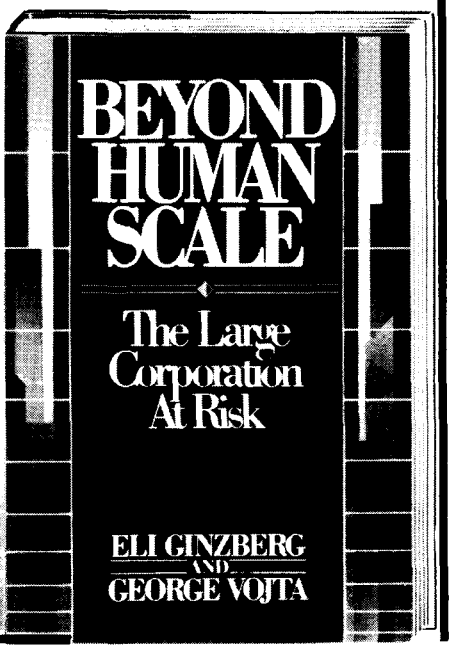
But what about a negotiated body swap? The peculiar circumstances of

continued on page 50

The giant corporation: an endangered species?

The nation's top human resource expert joins forces with one of America's leading financial executives to assess the increasingly vulnerable position of the large corporation in today's economy. Without radical changes, they conclude, the survival of such corporations is in doubt.

"Ginzberg and Vojta have located the outer limits of business bigness: wisdom of a decision is inverse to the number of managers employed in making it."
—*GERARD PIEL*



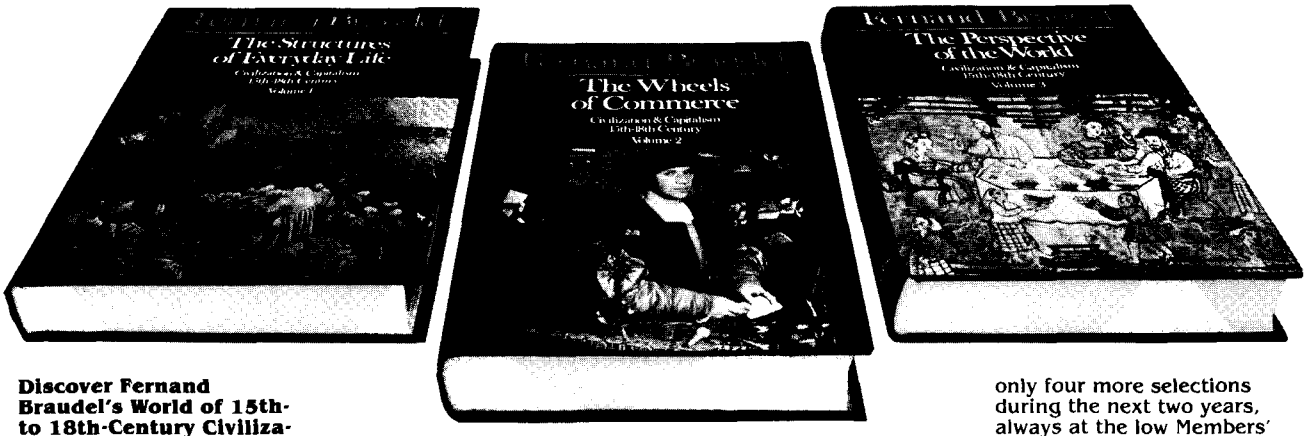
$16.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher.
Toll-free (800) 638-3030
Major credit cards accepted.

BASIC BOOKS, INC.
10 East 53rd Street, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get three of the most important books of the century at one sensational low price. Just $11.95. Save $90.00!

(with Trial Membership)



Discover Fernand Braudel's World of 15th- to 18th-Century Civilization and Capitalism.

It is rare that an author captures the minds and imaginations of thinking people throughout the world. But Fernand Braudel, the renowned historian and author, has done just that.

His magnificent three-volume social and economic history of the world from the Middle Ages to the Industrial Revolution is truly a masterpiece of historical literature.

And now you can get all three of these fascinating books for only $11.95, instead of the combined $101.95 publisher's list price, by taking advantage of this sensational Introductory Offer.

The Structures of Everyday Life starts the series by examining the day-to-day experiences of real people, while focusing on the growth of towns as the hubs of social and economic development. Everything from food to family structure is described in all the richness and detail of everyday life. Publisher's Price: $31.95.

The Wheels of Commerce gives unique insights into the markets and exchanges that, from the start, have been the real motors of change. You'll see the emergence of the economic world as we know it today through the specificity and imaginative power that are Braudel's hallmark. Publisher's Price: $35.00.

The Perspective of the World completes the trilogy by charting the growth of the world economy from the 15th to the 18th century. You'll see the factory workers. You'll hear the bustle of the market. You'll feel the ebb and flow of wealth. It's an unforgettable experience. Publisher's Price: $35.00.

Join the Club now and you'll save over 85% on these award-winning, lavishly illustrated books. But the savings don't stop there. Our Members get an average of 33% off publishers' list prices on all books purchased from HBC.

So send in the coupon today and start saving right away on the greatest books in history!

Take advantage of these great member benefits.

A membership account will be opened for you to which your purchases will be charged. You need take only four more selections during the next two years, always at the low Members' Price. Once you have completed your initial membership, you can qualify for additional savings through Bonus Books that you can select from our entire list.

Every four weeks (13 times a year), you will receive our *Review*, the HBC magazine, and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing—the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low Members' Prices, plus postage and packing.)

If you should get an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

BD852

Bravos for Braudel!

"Braudel deserves a Nobel Prize . . . great originality, a masterpiece."
—J.H. Plumb, *The Washington Post*

"The remarkable thing about this work is its combination of illustrative detail—visual, too . . . with an entirely unusual breadth of time and space.
—William H. McNeill, *The New Republic*

"It is hard and, for that matter, quite inappropriate to restrain one's enthusiasm (for Braudel). His books are wonderful."
—John Kenneth Galbraith

The History Book Club

Dept. N, 40 Guernsey Street, Box 790, Stamford, CT 06904-0790

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me *The Structures of Everyday Life*, *The Wheels of Commerce* and *The Perspective of the World* by Fernand Braudel (Set #2626).

Bill the set at $11.95, plus postage and packing. I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years, *not including my choices above.* Membership is cancellable anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at the low Members' Prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments.

NU17BR

Print Name_____

Address _____ Apt.#_____

City _____ State _____ Zip_____

In Canada: Mail to U.S. address

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

FAIRNESS DOCTRINE

To the editors:

In 1983 Judge Richard Posner ("Reagan's Full Court Press" by Fred Barnes, June 10) advised his first-year law students at the University of Chicago that the words "justice" and "fairness" have no place in the law school classroom. Right and wrong surrendered to the veiled sleight of hand of the judge's economic rationalism: it is, therefore it is efficient. Argument was cordoned off from application.

If the Constitution embodies little more than the majority view of nine people, as the president's Court-packing vision indicates, who will deal justice to, and protect the civil rights of, this country's uncounted citizens—the poor, the disenfranchised, the minorities—parading before an efficiency-minded Reagan Court? Justice Posner?

PETER B. KRUPP
Chicago, Illinois

PSEUDO TRUDEAU

To the editors:

Garry Trudeau has become a blunt instrument. His heavy-handed attempt to reduce the pro-life movement to absurdity in the six strips TNR published June 10 ("Silent Scream II: The Prequel") succeeded only in making him look absurd.

Sad to witness the decline of a gifted, sensitive artist to a vulgar buffoon, cadging laughs even at the expense of the 1.5 million humans aborted annually for a variety of reasons, such as lust, greed, selfishness, fear, poverty, and yes, even racism. This is the stuff of high tragedy, not very low comedy.

TNR did Trudeau no favor by publishing what is perhaps his trashiest effort.

MARY O'HARA
Fripp Island, South Carolina

To the editors:

"Silent Scream II: The Prequel" was an absolute delight and a credit to TNR for running it. I would like to think that Universal Press Syndicate made a calculated decision not to run this sequence in the following way: (1) Most people don't read or understand "Doonesbury" in their local newspapers; (2) "Silent Scream II" carries such an important message that it *must* get out; (3) Ban the sequence but leak it to TNR. I cannot imagine a better way to put abortion in its proper perspective.

ERNEST L. LIPPERT JR.
Toledo, Ohio

NO LOCAL HERO

To the editors:

I read with dismay your article promoting Albert Shanker as a "statesman" ("Albert Shanker, Statesman" by Timothy Noah, June 24). He certainly no longer is a teachers' leader, so perhaps he plays "statesman" to the public. A check of his local union in New York City will uncover teachers vastly underled, a contract unenforced, and poor teacher pay. All this in the American Federation of Teachers' flagship local.

As a former New York City teacher now in Fairfax, Virginia, I can attest that the National Education Association is far more aggressive in representing its teacher members. And its young president, Mary Futrell, is the most articulate spokesperson for teachers in America.

There is good reason why the NEA is four times larger than the AFT. Al was a good leader in the 1960s and 1970s, but he's no match for the far better organized NEA in the 1980s.

LOUISE WHITMAN
Reston, Virginia

PREJUDICE SPRINGS ETERNAL

To the editors:

L. W. complains (I presume with justice) about the anti-Semitism of some British writers ("San Francisco Diarist," June 17), but then commits a similar sin with his "So much for the Westernization of Japan. It turns out that it takes more than technology and cultural mimicry to turn a closed society into an open one." Even if the accusations that precede this remark were true, they wouldn't justify such a sweeping categorization of a whole society. Political pressure against showing a film has occurred in the U.S., Britain, and France.

What we seem to have is evidence that prejudice springs eternal in the human breast. Fortunately, such examples as this probably don't arouse fears in the Japanese of being massacred, although it may cause some of them to remember the Oriental exclusion laws and their internment during World War II. One can also suppose that this example exhibits mere thoughtlessness and isn't the result of a sinister campaign.

JOHN MCCARTHY
Stanford, California

PLEASE TAKE NOTES

To the editors:

I read "The Myth of Books" (TRB, June 17) with great interest. Your note-inserting experiment was particularly clever. Why didn't you place notes in some of the 95,000 copies of THE NEW REPUBLIC as well as in the 25,000 copies of *Deadly Gambits* as a control? Actually, you may have mentioned this—I must admit that I didn't quite finish the whole article. But a friend of mine who bought the issue and skimmed the entire TRB column tells me you didn't.

SHARON PESHKIN
Chicago, Illinois

EMPLOYING ESOPS

To the editors:

Robert Kuttner's treatment of the employee-ownership movement ("Blue-Collar Boardrooms," June 17) addresses only one aspect of the issue—namely worker participation in and control of company decisions. Particularly as regards ESOPs, or employee stock ownership plans, he misses the central reason ESOPs were created in the first place, namely to broaden the base of capital ownership in the economy.

ESOPs are a means of generating significant capital estates in the rank-and-file workers of thousands of U.S. companies. ESOPs are definitely not "only a device to lower capital costs"; "capitalism where everyone is a capitalist" is closer to their real significance. Currently one percent of the population owns 50 percent of privately owned stock. Clearly such an unequal distribution of capital ownership prevents most of the population from participating as capitalists in our economy.

ESOPs are the most effective means of achieving a significant transfer of wealth. They can provide a much greater return on investment than is available through secondhand securities, while making employees the owners of stock over which they have more of a

continued on page 50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
JULY 15 & 22, 1985

THE RIGHT TO DIE IN BED

It is at least half a decade since citizens of the United States became the preferred victims of international terrorism. For many years before, much of the world had consoled itself with the impression that Israel was bearing the brunt of this murderous nihilism. This impression, of course, was not entirely correct. Great Britain, for example, has been regularly afflicted by the rage of extremist Irish nationalists. Other societies also have been forced to face the ugly reality of movements that, as a matter of both philosophy and strategy, choose random civilian innocents as their preferred targets. Germany was taunted by the Baader-Meinhof gang, Italy by the Red Brigades. Still, Israelis (and Jews elsewhere) were the most often and most systematically targeted objects of campaigns that drew to their ranks not only Palestinian ultras but an international cross section of criminals possessed by the ill-digested ideologies of the era. Alas, it should be remembered that the perpetrators of these bloody enormities won the support of many states, not all of them totalitarian or Arab.

The government of India, for example, actually welcomed and feted the planners of the midair destruction of a Swissair jet bound for Tel Aviv, the murders of Israeli schoolchildren at Maalot, and the slaughter of Israel's athletes at the Munich Olympics. Now the Indians count their own victims. Like the Jews destroyed by Arab terror, the passengers of the Air India plane that exploded off the coast of Ireland were "blameless in life and pure of crime." Do the reigning dynasts of India finally repent the absolution they granted to butchers no more aggrieved than their own quite aggrieved Sikhs? India's tears may be some rough sort of vengeance of the gods, but it is not justice.

Who, after all, is not vulnerable? Why were the wholly unoffending Canadians targeted? And will Professor Papandreou's comradeship with and services to Colonel Qaddafi buy him and Greece immunity from the world's crazies? Unlikely. Papandreou's callous calculus (first petrodollars, now tourist dollars) may lead Greece to reconsider the affinities that have made Athens the chosen transfer point for those with terror as their terminus. It has not made him less morally obtuse. On May 26 the Greek government asked Nabih Berri to release two particular Americans, one of Greek descent, the other married to a Greek.

Punishing Greece for its inadequate airport security is appropriate, but hardly adequate. The Greeks may have facilitated hijackings, but an interdict against them will not punish or deter other aspiring terrorists. Deterrent retribution is no easy matter; retribution that is not discriminating mocks its moral purposes and is usually counterproductive besides.

There can be retaliation that is both effective and a reproach to those who have made this a more wanton world. When we failed to respond to the murder last week of two American businessmen, four American Marines, and seven others at a sidewalk café in San Salvador, we lost an opportunity to demonstrate that we will not yield to the dominion of thugs. The reemergence of urban terror in El Salvador is the desperate gambit of the guerrilla forces there who refuse to reconcile themselves to the progress, painfully achieved, toward democracy in that country. It also reflects the repudiation of the revolutionaries by the mass of peasants in the countryside. Their latest atrocity called for prompt, surgical attacks on the remaining headquarters of the Farabundo Marti National Liberation, which was proud to claim credit for the dead. Such a response would have made palpable to a small movement the high costs of trying to impose itself on an unwilling populace. But it would also have reverberated in the Middle East, where all the factions are understandably convinced that they may kidnap and kill with impunity. (This standard imposes moral constraints on us as well. Our aid to Nicaraguan rebels should be directed only to those who won't be tempted by terror.)

Whatever prevented a clear response to terror in El Salvador—be it a failure of nerve on the part of the administration or the staying specter of Congress—could only have encouraged terrorists everywhere. Maybe Lebanon and Syria and Iran have the sovereign right to inflict these sufferings on their own, though even that would be a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terrible commentary on the international order under which we live and an even more terrible commentary on the situation of Islam in which they live. But it is not their sovereign right to force their anarchic norms on others.

THERE remains the matter of the American hostages. They were first held at Beirut airport, and now reportedly are in Baalbek, an outpost shared by Syria's secular militants and Iran's millenarian troops. It's hardly clear that if Israel released all of the Lebanese prisoners it holds, the captive passengers of TWA flight 847 would be freed. Israel already had begun releasing the Lebanese when the hijacking happened. The remaining Shiite prisoners were at most an excuse for a barbarous act, the goal of which was the humbling of Israel and the United States.

A second reason for concern about the ultimate fate of the hostage Americans has two components: the question of the intentions of Nabih Berri and his Amal wing, and the question of Berri's capacity to carry out those intentions. Paradoxically, these ambiguities argue for a quick release by Israel of its remaining prisoners; the United States would be formally conceding nothing. But such a move could only be seen as the forfeiture of an important card—an American card, really—in this macabre game of poker.

One has to sympathize with Israel's predicament, not least because Israel has been widely faulted in the United States for failing to behave in a way that the U.S. government has steadfastly insisted it would not want Israel to behave, that is, capitulate to the terrorism by releasing their prisoners as a response to the hostage-taking. The problem was exacerbated by the fact that for more than a week there was inexplicably no direct contact at the top between the two allies.

But Defense Minister Rabin's churlish and prickly responses to questions by American press people was, to put it mildly, not a contribution to harmonious American-Israeli relations. It is America that is wounded now. Israel, a close and even dependent ally, would do well to make clear its positive eagerness to do all that is necessary to help retrieve our imprisoned citizens. It may be that retrieving them will yet be a much harder task than is now imagined. But no one should be able to say that anything Israel did, or was reluctant to do, made it any harder. Logic-chopping and self-justification are not the order of the day for friends. But since logic-chopping seems to be Rabin's penchant, he cannot reasonably argue the rights of the release of a thousand Palestinian terrorists one month and the wrongs of the release of a more mixed group of Lebanese the next, a group which he intended to release anyway. (All of this notwithstanding, there was something bizarre about Vice President Bush using his visit to Germany as the occasion to lecture Israel on the fine, but very much disputed, points of international law. Of all of President Reagan's inept personnel designations, the appointment of this boy scout to coordinate the battle against terrorism is the strangest.)

The focus of our demands should not be Israel but the Shiite leadership, which has taken responsibility for the fate of the hostages. If Soviet pressure exercised through the Syrians quickly persuades Berri and his comrades that they have overreached, we will owe the Russians one. They have already gained plenty from our indignity; and they must be happy about Berri's challenge to the presence of our warships in international waters. But this should not obscure the fact that Amal has exploited and abused dozens of innocent Americans as pawns in its struggle for position in both the Lebanese cockpit and the Islamic world. This struggle—with the Communists on the left, the Party of God on the right, and a handful of other factions in between—also ties the hand that Berri so recklessly placed on American lives. This means he may lose to other competitors for the loyalty of the unruly mob that sways Middle East politics. But he may also win, against them and against us. If he does, his victory should be short and turn sour in his mouth.

And now come before us the whiners and the special pleaders, urging us to hear the grievance of the hijackers and the kidnappers and the killers, to see the moral equivalence of American hostages and the Lebanese guerrillas, as strained an equation as Reagan's before Bitburg. This is the special message of mountebanks and terrorist fellow travelers like Jesse Jackson. Usually they counsel us on the limitations of American power. Now they commend to us the role of all-powerful redresser of immemorial wrongs in faraway places. They cannot understand that the well of complaint is bottomless. They will not understand that the complaints are addressed to us violently because that violence now purchases cachet in the Arab and Islamic worlds. The violence against the United States and the West, even the violence against Israel, is the fig leaf that warring brothers and cousins use to cover the shame of their naked hatred for each other.

PROBABLY there is nothing we can do about that hatred. But there is something we can do to inhibit the violence against us, and the way to do that is to make it so costly that no sitting pretender to power in Lebanon, no sitting proprietor of power in Syria or in Iran will want to mess with us again. There is the example of the quiet Israeli border with Syria, a belligerent demonstrably fearful of how Jerusalem would respond to terror across the frontier. Retaliation, moreover, need not always be massive. There surely is a role here for the CIA, if it were able and authorized to act somewhat like the Israeli Mossad or British security services. This is not the moment, but the moment cannot be far off. The moral authority of chaos is on the wane, especially among those hapless millions who must live under its capricious rules. Now is the opportunity for the restoration of some moral authority and political forcefulness to stability, which is nothing more than the right of ordinary people to live fairly predictable lives with their families and friends and to die in their own beds. This is the test of the Reagan administration's determination to curb the scourge of terrorism. It will not be curbed by better metal detectors in Athens.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTEBOOK

□ FLORA LEWIS FIGURES IT ALL OUT:

FOREIGN AFFAIRS | Flora Lewis

Response to Terrorism

PARIS

Terrorism is contagious. Now there is the lost Air India plane and the explosion in Tokyo airport to add to a single week's headlines about hostages in Beirut and the [illegible]st at Frankfurt. Apart from the ob[illegible]ned to insist on observing se[illegible]cautions, there is a need to [illegible]international epidemic. [illegible]n said he will name a [illegible]recommenda-

Call for a worldwide convention

[illegible]else to extradite those charged to a [illegible]country that wants to prosecute. Re[illegible]arrest and prosecute or extra[illegible]dite complicity, and not

—*The New York Times*, June 24

□ TAX-REFORM WATCH: One of the most vigorous lobbying campaigns to amend President Reagan's tax plan is being mounted by the life insurance industry, which objects to a proposal to tax the "inside buildup" in life insurance policies. Part of every "whole life" insurance policy is, in effect, a savings account, which earns investment income over the life of the policy. Under current law, that income builds up tax-free until it is paid out. This loophole is the only advantage of "whole life" insurance, which is otherwise a nonsensical investment for most people. The insurance people comically cite, as if it proves something, a 1985 Yankelovich poll, commissioned by themselves, in which "83 percent of the respondents said that a tax on permanent life insurance would make the product less desirable." Of course it would. This hardly justifies the industry's conclusion that this would cause people to leave their families unprotected. People undoubtedly would turn instead to cheaper "term" insurance, where you pay only for the actual protection and invest your own savings however you wish. This is a much better deal for the consumer, but less profitable for the insurance industry. But perhaps the least promising line of argument being advanced by the industry is that closing the "inside buildup" loophole would cause unemployment among insurance salesmen. Not a prospect that brings tears to many eyes.

□ SEVERAL READERS have expressed concern about a reference in Robert McIntyre's recent article about tax reform, "Inside the Sellout" (June 24), to "an absurd coalition of independent oil producers and Jewish tax-shelter promoters supposedly concerned about the welfare of Israel." Dr. Mordecai S. Chertoff asks, "Are all tax-shelter promoters Jews? And what do the oil loopholes have to do with the welfare of Israel?" All tax-shelter promoters are not Jews, but those involved in this coalition were self-described as Jews concerned about strengthening the hand of Arab oil nations. In fact, as Dr. Chertoff suggests, there is no connection at all between oil loopholes and the welfare of Israel.

ON THE HILL

THE BIG SHAKEDOWN

WITH all the debate about who will get what under the new tax bill, not much has been said about the one group that's already getting quite a bit: the members of the House Ways and Means Committee, where the bill originates. With the fate of Tax Americana in their hands, Ways and Means members have held dozens of fund-raisers in Washington aimed at pinching those with the most to lose. More than two-thirds of the 36 members either have had at least one Washington fund-raiser in the last few months, or plan to have one soon. The catch is the price. Members of Congress typically charge PAC lobbyists $250 for the chance to chat at a fund-raiser. The going rate has at least doubled and in some cases quadrupled since the Treasury Department announced its first tax-reform plan last winter.

The windfall profits of tax reform had House Speaker Tip O'Neill beaming last month. In mid-June O'Neill looked out at several hundred lobbyists in the ballroom of the Hyatt Regency hotel near the Capitol who had paid $500 a head to attend a fund-raiser honoring House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski. "Danny, this is really marvelous," he said. "All this for just a little piece of legislation—which might or might not get to the floor." The crowd roared with laughter—many no doubt wishing that the joking threat against tax reform were true.

The lobbyists had had a busy night. For many of them, the evening began over at the Republicans' Capitol Hill Club, half a mile away. There, John Duncan of Tennessee, the ranking Republican on Ways and Means, had thrown his own version of the $500-per-ticket bash. After dropping the check off with Duncan, lobbyists scurried across the Capitol grounds to the Hyatt Regency to enjoy shrimp, filet mignon, ice cream, beer, and a jazz band. After plunking down their money with the Chicago Campaign Committee, Rostenkowski's PAC and the sponsor of the event, the lobbyists got to trade in their "Write Rosty" buttons for ones that read "I *Did Better* than Write Rosty." Letters are good, but a check is always better.

The PACs dutifully fork over the cash—but that doesn't stop carping among the lobbyists who smell rank opportunism. One lobbyist who has been in the business for more than seven years told me, "This is the most fund-raising in a non-election year I've ever seen." The members of Ways and Means, he said, "are hitting us as hard and as heavy as possible." In addition to the escalating costs and numbers of fund-raisers, most of the lobbyists and PAC officials I interviewed agreed that the pressure is unprecedented. "Many of the chairmen of these fund-raisers are pointing out the importance of provisions of the bill to my industry when they call," an insurance industry lobbyist told me. "This year, Ways and Means members are calling me directly, and that's rare." Although financial directors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Chicago Campaign Committee deny it, even jolly old Rosty put the political squeeze on the PACs for his fund-raiser. "There's been a lot of pressure from the people running Rostenkowski's event to appear," one lobbyist said.

Committee members don't deny that the bill has given them special advantages. Liberal representative Tom Downey of New York, who has had two $500-per-ticket fund-raisers, told me, "Does the fact that there's a tax bill make it easier to raise money? Of course." The reason? "This is the golden age for lobbying and that translates into an easier time for us to raise money." But it's necessary, Downey said, because "a large war chest is insurance against a serious challenge."

That may well be. After all, Downey's district has been targeted by the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, and he did have a tough race last fall, winning 55 percent of the vote. Among other committee members, only Jim Jones from Oklahoma had a tougher race, winning with 52 percent. He's held his own $1,000-a-ticket fund-raiser, in preparation for reelection or a possible bid for the Senate.

What about Frank Guarini? Guarini, a New Jersey Democrat, won with 66 percent of the vote in a district that gave Mondale six percent more votes than the national average. His seat certainly appears to be safe, and he says he's not running for another office. Yet Guarini is holding four breakfasts, each with an admission price of $1,000, a cost that in the past would have been unheard of for a House event of this kind. According to Alicia George, an aide to Guarini, about 30 people will attend each breakfast, netting him a cool $120,000 in a non-election year.

Then there's Ronnie Flippo, a moderate Democrat from Alabama. For the last few months he's hosted mass cocktail parties and dinners for which guests pay from $500 to $1,000. All this despite the fact that he was reelected in 1984 with 96 percent of the vote in his district. If Flippo tosses his hat into the Alabama gubernatorial race, as it's rumored he will, the tax bill will have given him a hefty boost in his initial fund-raising. And if he doesn't—well, he won't have to do much fund-raising for his reelection.

Pete Stark, Democrat from California, who won with 70 percent of the vote, threw a $1,000-a-ticket fund-raiser. Bill Frenzel, Republican from Minnesota, who won with 73 percent, charged $500 a ticket for his event. Robert Matsui, Democrat from California, invited 2,500 people to his $300-a-head fund-raiser, including 1,893 lobbyists. Matsui ran unopposed in his last campaign and wound up with a $277,000 surplus.

Why the dash for the cash? Most members cite the same reason as Downey: a large war chest discourages potential opponents. And there's no better time to expand on savings in the bank than now. Come September, the committee will start making its decisions, and the golden moment for fund-raising will be gone.

The PACs are being taken for an expensive ride, and they know it. With so many interests presenting their case, any single lobby's point of view tends to get lost. And so the PACs pay up, again and again, just to stay even with the competition. "We're all discounting ourselves," one corporate lobbyist, disappointed with the PACs' impotence, sighed. "If we keep it up," he added, the committee members "are just going to go back to merits and constituents."

The members seem to have overlooked one important fact: PACs do not have an infinite supply of money. After all, they must watch out for their traditional commitments as well as for other members who will have a hand in the bill, such as the representatives on the Rules Committee and the senators on the Finance Committee. What's more, several PAC lobbyists told me that they are living hand to mouth. An official at one medium-size PAC confided, "I'm out of cash—all I can do is budget pledges. And if that's how we're doing, the smaller PACs must really be strapped." Another said, "Come fall, if we all keep responding like this, we're going to run out."

But until the tax bill is out of the way, members of Congress with a hand in tax reform will keep squeezing the PACs. Although it's not quite what campaign finance reformers want, Congress has finally found a way to control the PACs: bleed them dry.

KURT EICHENWALD

Kurt Eichenwald is a New York writer.

THE PRESS

SHIITE SPIN CONTROL

SPIN CONTROL is the ability to shape the way the media cover a story. In American politics it is the cherished fantasy of every candidate, campaign official, and consultant. But despite all their schemes for setting the right stage and raising the timeliest issues, politicians rarely control the slant (or spin) reporters put on a story. Even President Reagan and his minions usually fall short. Of course, they don't have the luxury of putting their enemies on national TV, at gunpoint, to spout the Reagan line.

What the Shiite terrorists in Beirut who hijacked TWA flight 847 have achieved is spin control beyond the wildest dreams of any politician. True, they haven't succeeded at every juncture; the unprovoked murder of Navy diver Robert Stethem could not be glossed over. But they have had their way enough times to ensure that the well-being of the 40 American hostages has emerged as virtually the only consideration of the media in covering the hijacking. National pride and America's position in the Middle East and deterring future hijackings—such overarching but abstract concerns were brushed aside in the media's obsession with the hostages. And this put pressure on Reagan to concentrate on only one option: getting the hostages out unharmed at all costs.

How did this happen? Easy. The terrorists exploited the normal lust of the media—particularly TV—for breaking

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

events of international impact, and for high drama and a human dimension to the news. When all these occur together, there is a "crisis." Wall-to-wall coverage follows. (To provide this, the press reversed its policy of leaving Lebanon to Arab journalists and airlifted American reporters to the scene.) Media competition, always brutal, is especially fierce in this atmosphere, partly because the public is more attentive, partly because media stardom may be at stake for some. Recall the sudden fame of ABC's Ted Koppel in the Iranian hostage crisis of 1979-80. And no development is allowed to go unreported.

Given this, how could the TV networks pass up any chance to get the hostages on film? Whatever qualms they may have had about coverage that might play into the terrorists' hands or clash with the national interest were stifled. ABC News got the first break, as correspondent Charles Glass arranged, reportedly through Shiite leader Nabih Berri, to interview the pilot, copilot, and navigator of flight 847, still held at gunpoint aboard the plane. Glass, judging from his writing in *The Spectator*, is sympathetic to the Arab position in the Middle East, and his questions were far from penetrating. Approaching the plane, Glass said a gunman was "waving a pistol" in the cockpit, "but Captain Testrake is smiling at us." How was the crew being treated? Fine. How was the food? Wonderful. Asked about a possible rescue mission or retaliation, Testrake voiced the same position as his captors and warned against it. "I think we would all be dead men if they did because we're continually surrounded by many, many guards," he said.

Far from being scorned for getting a brief interview with three men under extreme duress, ABC was the envy of CBS News and NBC News. Both denied ABC quick satellite transmission of the tape unless they could use it themselves; ABC refused. And why not? The next day Tom Shales, the TV critic of *The Washington Post*, gave the network the ultimate accolade. "ABC News scored the most sensational journalistic coup of the six-day hostage crisis: exclusive videotaped interviews with the pilot and two of his crew aboard hijacked TWA flight 847 as it sat on the Beirut airport runway," he wrote.

THE NEXT DAY, June 20—Day 7 in TV parlance—the heavily armed Shiites holding the hostages trotted five more out before reporters and cameramen who literally climbed all over themselves to get close. Predictably, all the hostages said they were fine, and their spokesman, Allyn Conwell, cautioned against a rescue bid. But this time more of their captors' case was aired, notably the notion that the 766 Lebanese, mostly Shiites, held in Israel but slated for release were innocent hostages no less than the Americans, most of whom were tourists. The Lebanese had been taken prisoner, according to Israeli officials, to protect Israel's troops from attack as they evacuated Lebanon, and hundreds of them had already been set free. They may not be terrorists, but they are something more than innocent bystanders snatched up at random. The American hostages, with their lives at stake, had no choice but to repeat the hijackers' phony moral equivalence, and the networks presented it as if it were a normal man-on-the-street interview. The prisoners in Israel "undoubtedly have as equal a right and as strong a desire to go home as we do," said Conwell. "In our minds and to a man we condemn hijacking or terrorism of any sort or nature, irregardless of the perpetrator or the circumstances."

IT WASN'T until June 24—that is, Day 11—that the networks showed real sensitivity to the strain the hostages might be under. But this was far from spontaneous; it came after Henry Kissinger had bashed the networks for causing a national "humiliation" by showing the interview with Conwell and the others. The June 24 hostage parade involved a dozen who had been filmed by the Shiites five days earlier while mouthing that they were being treated fine. Had they said any different, the film surely never would have been released. Anyway, CBS accompanied the film with a report questioning the candor of the hostages' remarks. "What you heard was what their captors wanted you to hear," said correspondent Tom Fenton. Still, the film was shown on all the networks.

If the networks were compelled to show all available footage of the hostages, they were far from obliged to overdose on the victims' families. But this they did, day after day on morning and evening news shows. "Every network received calls from families who wanted to be on," explained Tim Russert, an NBC vice president. "Psychologists say that for many of them, it's cathartic." Maybe so, but the networks have never before followed the rule of putting folks on TV to make them feel better. In perhaps the most bizarre comment to a hostage relative, CBS newsman Bob Schieffer told one, "I don't want to intrude on your personal ordeal." The relative, Kathy Smith, was sitting in a Chicago TV studio for an interview with Schieffer.

That was on the "CBS Morning News" on June 19—Day 6. Schieffer was not at all skeptical of Testrake's assurance at gunpoint the day before that the hostages were well. "There is good news this morning," Schieffer said. "The report from the pilot is that it is his understanding they are comfortable and being taken care of." The judgment of the hostages' families was taken as paramount. The son of hostage Jim Palmer (who was released June 26) told Schieffer that Reagan's press conference the evening before hadn't impressed him. "I expected more out of it," said the young Palmer. "I expected him to reach out to the families that are waiting for people that are still being held over there and at least tell us something." The next night CBS did a round-robin of the hostages' homes as their relatives watched the staged interviews. Conwell's mother said she was "reassured" by his appearance. The son of Peter Hill said his father "looked good." CBS correspondent Bob Simon said the appearance of hostage Tom Cullins prompted "inspired quiet reflections" among his relatives. But what else could the ghastly staged interviews have inspired? The networks seemed unaware that the families are themselves hostages, forced to play the terror-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ists' game. Of course, they are glad to see their husbands and brothers and sons alive, but they have no informed judgment on the hostages' condition.

The effect of the extravagant coverage of families was to make the hostages more than simply someone's relatives. They became America's missing fathers, sons, and brothers. "This coverage inevitably tilts the scales toward making the hostages' safety the key, if not the only issue," reported ABC's Jeff Greenfield. As if to emphasize the point, Bill Plante of CBS asked Reagan at his June 18 press conference how he would feel if his wife or child were held hostage. (Forty minutes earlier on ABC's "World News Tonight," Peter Jennings had asked the same question of former secretary of state Alexander Haig.) The question, though perfectly legitimate, implied that Reagan might be more conciliatory if he saw the hostages as members of his family. Naturally, Reagan said this wouldn't affect whatever he might do as president. "It would be a horrible situation, yes," he said. "And yet it isn't any more horrible just because it would be me than it is for those people who are presently waiting for some reply." Having added that, how could he seriously consider any option but getting all 40 hostages out safely, whatever the cost?

Besides, there was someone to negotiate with, Nabih Berri, who was treated gingerly by reporters and portrayed as a "moderate." This characterization was a triumph of misapplied relativism. Compared to the Shiite fundamentalists, Berri is indeed a moderate. But compared to other Arab leaders such as King Hussein of Jordan and Hosni Mubarak of Egypt, he is an extremist. Anthony Lewis of *The New York Times* rushed into print with a call for quick capitulation to Berri, who claimed to control 30 or 31 of the hostages. "Mr. Berri is a moderate man by instinct, and not anti-American," he wrote. Berri was troubled about losing his most fervent followers. "That is undoubtedly why he moved into the hostage situation: to show that he *was* the leader. He could not afford to sit on the sidelines. The risk for any such figure is, unless he gets results quickly, the radicals will take over for him—and escalate demands."

ON TELEVISION, Berri's supposed political plight was sympathetically rendered. "His position is precarious," said Bonnie Anderson of NBC. "His support among the extremist elements is very tenuous, and he cannot be seen to be giving in to the Americans or the Israelis in any sense whatsoever without putting his life at risk, and the Amal organization." Amid all this deference, NBC's Marvin Kalb popped the obvious question to Berri during a "Meet the Press" interview on Day 10. "Could you tell us, sir, why you simply don't release the 30 or the 31 under your control?" But Berri was not stumped. "If I release the 31 that are with me, what you think it will happen for the others? Maybe they will killed. They are human beings, too. You know that." Astonishingly, Kalb seemed to buy this. "That is essentially the problem," Berri said. "I think all Americans would like all of the Americans released at the same time."

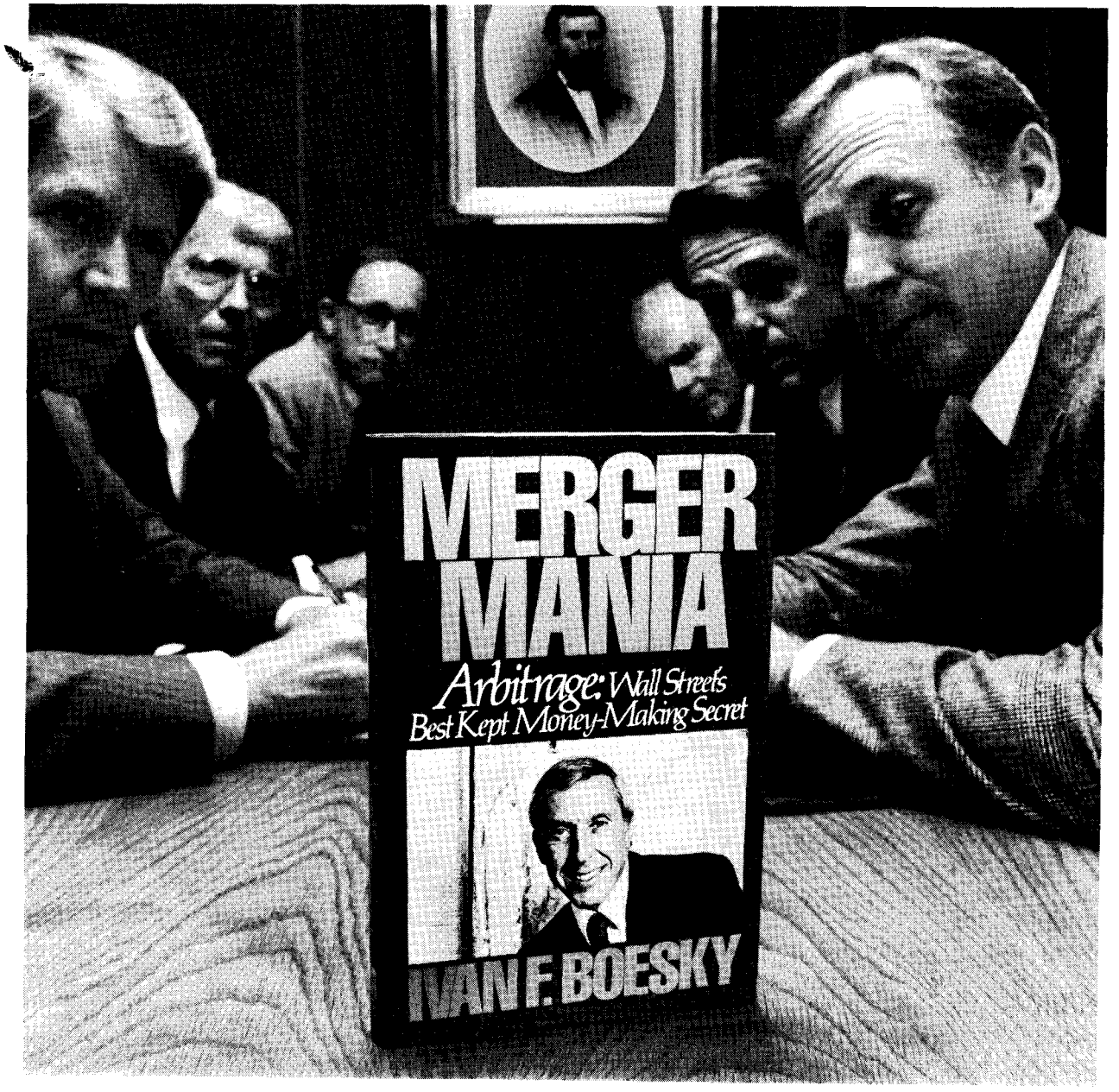
For its part, Israel is being victimized by the media's implicit moral equivalence. At times its detention of Shiites was treated the same as the terrorists' abduction of American tourists. Correspondent Don Kladstrup interviewed a man named Ahmad Tadio on ABC's evening news June 21—Day 8. "Two of his sons are in an Israeli prison," said Kladstrup. "I sympathize with American families," Tadio was quoted as saying. "My sons are hostages, too." A Shiite woman told Kladstrup, "I hope all of those who are away from home will be returned to their families, our children from Israel and the Americans to theirs." There was no mention in Kladstrup's report that Israel had announced its plan for releasing all the Shiites before the hijacking took place.

The clamor for Israel's release of the Shiite prisoners was often fueled by television's exclusive concentration on the hostage families. On the "CBS Morning News," Schieffer pressed Palmer, the hostage son, for his advice to Reagan. Should Israel be pressured to release the 766 prisoners at once? "That's what I'd like to see," said Palmer, and other hostage relatives "feel the same way. They want their loved ones home." After Schieffer's session with Palmer and other hostage family members, an announcer said, "Our CBS News poll for the 'Morning News' asked: Should the U.S. be more concerned about the hostages' lives or keeping its policy of never negotiating with terrorists? Fifty percent say be more concerned with the hostages; 34 percent say keep U.S. policy." Given the media's obsession with the families, it's a wonder the disparity wasn't greater.

WHAT'S THE CURE for the flawed coverage? For starters, the networks should stop congratulating themselves for their moments of restraint. Russert said NBC has sat on three important stories at the request of administration officials. ABC officials point out that they abstained from using the old logo from the days of the Iranian hostage mess—"America Held Hostage." Big deal. Journalists should also quit being so defensive when criticized. Most of the self-examinations of the coverage of the hostages have amounted to self-absolution. NBC got a hostage wife, not exactly a disinterested observer, to chip in. On the "Today" show June 21—Day 8—Bryant Gumbel asked the wife of Tom Cullins, "As you know, critics are saying that media people, people like me, are using people like you, that we're making matters worse. Do you have some feelings like that?" She didn't. "If we like it or not, television is a way of putting forth your views and to put pressure where pressure needs to be put," she said.

Nor should the press create a false choice between praising its coverage and promoting censorship. That's the way Dan Rather of CBS portrayed the media's options. "Journalism is not a precise science," he said. "This is a crude art even on its best days. With it all, I'll take the free press to the controlled media, which some of the self-serving political types in this country seem to really prefer. It's a totalitarian system where they say, 'We'll tell you what to say and when to say it.' " Sorry, Dan, but that's not the issue. The issue in the hostage coverage is excess and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IT TELLS YOU EVERYTHING EXCEPT WHAT IVAN'S BUYING.

Every day on Wall Street, you hear it whispered. "Ivan's buying. Ivan's buying." People will do anything to find out what Ivan's buying.

Ivan F. Boesky isn't telling. But in his new book, *Merger Mania*, he tells you just about everything else.

He explains risk arbitrage is as much art as science and has absolutely nothing to do with gambling.

According to the man estimated by *Forbes* to be worth over $150 million, and whom *Fortune* called a "money machine," there is no mystery to arbitrage.

All that's required is steady nerves, quick responses, a penchant for research, attention to detail, a passion for winning, and everything Ivan F. Boesky knows.

Read *Merger Mania*. And, soon, the whispering may be about you.

$18.95/Available at your bookstore

Holt, Rinehart & Winston

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moral blindness that may aid—or even encourage—terrorists. As George Will said in an ABC commentary, "We all know we're being used by terrible people for terrible purposes. The problem, however, is not to make it unnecessarily, optionally obsessive on our part." The way to avert this is through self-restraint—which NBC didn't show in belatedly sending anchor Tom Brokaw to Beirut—and by remembering to let moral distinctions frame the coverage. Occasionally, a fleeting scoop might have to be ignored. Worse things could happen. One of them is allowing terrorists to have spin control on the news.

FRED BARNES

The price of being a great power.

WHO, US?

YES, US. Who else? It is touching to observe the air of mystification and outraged innocence surrounding the recent attacks on Americans. What did we do to be treated in such a foul way? we ask each other. After all, the only sin of the TWA hostages now suffering abuse and possible murder by their Lebanese captors is that they were in the wrong place at the wrong time. It could have happened to any of us: to be kidnapped, or blown from the sky, or mowed down while sipping a beer in a San Salvador café. It might yet happen to some of us.

The truth is that we are targets because we are Americans and there are people in the world who have a grievance against us. It was not a Lufthansa or SAS plane that was hijacked; it was an American flag carrier. Navy frogman Robert Dean Stethem was brutally murdered by his captors because, in the words of one of the released hostages who saw him beaten, "he was an American and a soldier." For many people America is the enemy, and all of us, in uniform or not, are targets.

We are told by President Reagan that people who do such things are "uncivilized barbarians." Of course they are. But indignation doesn't get us very far. Much of what goes on in the world is barbaric, and those who commit uncivilized acts present perfectly civilized reasons for doing so.

Ours is an age that puts a low priority on civilized constraint: at least where the greater glory of God or Allah, or "socialist solidarity," or the nation-state is concerned. To argue that reason, decency, and moderation govern the human soul brands one as dim-witted or obtuse. We've gone a long way down from the 19th century, with its belief in human progress and perfectibility. The First World War, with its four years of mindless slaughter, ushered in our own age of unreason. Since then it has been the death camps of Nazi Germany, the Soviet gulags, and the terrorism of true believers.

We in the United States have been spared much of this insanity. Though there have been violent incidents in our society, and our government has been responsible, directly or indirectly, for actions of violence abroad, Americans have been shielded from the breakdown that has destroyed a once supremely civilized city like Beirut. We have been spared and we have been naive about why others hold us responsible for terrible things that have happened to them.

This is why the TWA hijacking, like the Iranian hostage episode five years ago, fills us with anger and incomprehension. We want to strike back against our tormentors. And when we find, as we did in Tehran, that we cannot be sure whom to strike back against, our rage is compounded by humiliation.

The humiliation takes its outlet in a "nuke the bastards" response. You can't get away with doing that to us. But they usually do get away with it. Ronald Reagan vows that the hijackers, like the murderers of the Marines in El Salvador, will not go unpunished. But his administration, for all its tough talk, never has retaliated against those who twice blew up the American Embassy in Beirut and killed 241 of our Marines in their barracks.

We have a right to be angry, and a right to retaliate. To stand idly by once again and wring our hands in dismay is to invite more hijackings and murderous assaults. Attack us if you will. But don't expect to get away with it unpunished.

IT IS important to remember, however, that the violence directed against us is not necessarily irrational. Though uncivilized, it is a logical response to actions we have taken. It is designed not to humiliate us, but to punish us. Specifically, it is designed to force us to change the way we behave. Violence is committed against us not because of who we are, but because of what we do. Those who cannot fight us on the field of battle take us on where we are weakest. They make no distinction between those who carry rifles and those who carry books or babies.

By formal rules of warfare this is terribly unfair. But the weak believe they cannot live by such rules, that their god or their cause sets higher standards. And they would reject contemptuously the notion that any American is innocent. They hold us collectively responsible for actions taken against them: for supporting, in Lebanon, a faction they want to destroy; for propping up, in El Salvador, a government the guerrillas want to bring down.

This is not illogical. We live in a democratic society. We choose our government. We are responsible, all of us, for its policies, whether or not we individually approve of them—just as white South Africans, whatever their personal qualms about apartheid, are responsible for their government's actions. Our policies in the Middle East and Latin America may be wise or unwise. Even within the pages of TNR we have different views about that. But we cannot, as a nation, avoid being held accountable for them. Nor, as we are learning, as individuals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the price we pay for being a great power. We have defined our interests globally and involved ourselves in the internal affairs of many nations—far more deeply than most Americans realize. This is not to suggest that we should cease to be a great power. We long ago made the decision to intervene globally, and it is difficult to see how a country with the resources, the energies, and the missionary zeal of the United States can fail to be involved nearly everywhere.

But there is a price to be paid. We cannot go around trying to reorder the world—putting down insurrections here, encouraging them there, taking sides in civil conflicts—without making ourselves someone's enemy. Naive minds and great empires, to turn a phrase, go ill together.

When assaulted by those who consider us their enemy we react as though we were bystanders set upon by some madmen. But to much of the world we are an omnipresent giant, intervening everywhere with money (foreign aid), weapons (military assistance), and even our own troops (Korea and Vietnam). Nicaraguans see that we send CIA teams to blow up their bridges and finance dissidents to assassinate peasants. The Shiites of Lebanon and Iran see that we (like the communists) spread the evils of imperialism, avarice, and blasphemy.

That they may misunderstand our motives is beside the point. What matters is that they have defined us as their adversary because we are deeply involved with their opponents in the power struggles they are waging. That is a game that we have chosen to play. In the past we could do so at little cost, either in our money or in other people's lives. Terrorists have upped the ante. Now we are all in the game, civilians and military alike. Terrorism has democratized the world power struggle.

We have reason to be angry at what has happened to us, but not to be puzzled. Having chosen to involve ourselves in other people's revolutions, we now have to play by their rules, not ours.

RONALD STEEL

Kohl's troubled conscience.

GERMANY AFTER BITBURG

Hannover, West Germany

CHANCELLOR HELMUT KOHL, though a historian, is not famous for his historical tact. When in Israel, Kohl declared that young Germans do not feel responsible for Nazi crimes. The Bitburg debacle was essentially of his making; and it was certainly Kohl who kept the president to his foolish promise. If Kohl sometimes gives the impression of disowning the Nazi past—"nothing to do with me"—then in this, as in so many respects, he is quite typical of contemporary West Germany. All the polls suggest that the majority of West Germans thought he was right to push ahead with Bitburg. Now here he is in Hannover, addressing a mass rally of Germans expelled from Silesia in 1945 (people who say of that now Polish territory, "Silesia remains ours") and walking across a mine field of East European sensibilities that his best advisers urged him to avoid. His speech is a sermon on the future of Europe, but it illustrates the terrible muddle into which he and his government have gotten themselves of late; whether they are talking about the past, the present, or the future of Europe.

IN A WAY one must sympathize. It is so difficult to be a German after Hitler. "Wherever we set foot," writes Günter Grass, "we run into harsh reminders of the past. Hardly a patch of ground without its pitfalls, hardly a word without a double meaning." And so the old German Silesians here prefer to talk of Polish guilt for their expulsion, or Stalin's guilt, or the culpability of those who appeased Hitler, or the injustice of the Versailles Treaty. A provincial Christian Democratic leader is hissed and booed when he suggests that the division of Germany was the result of a war *Hitler* began. A brave Young Liberal who suggests in a public discussion that the Versailles Treaty was also the result of a war Germany began is met with hoots of derisive laughter. What, *Germany* began the First World War? Preposterous suggestion! As James Fenton puts it in his poem "A German Requiem": "How comforting it is, once or twice a year, / To get together and forget the old times."

But it is not just old rightist and Silesians who feel the compulsion, if not to evade the blame or guilt altogether, then at least to spread it around. In my experience it is above all young leftists who have hastened to equate American conduct in Vietnam with Nazi war crimes, and more recently, to equate the first Sabra and Shatila massacres with Auschwitz and Treblinka—this latter, grotesque equation being made with an almost audible sigh of relief, as if they are really saying: at last, even the Jews have done it too! You see, we are all guilty—therefore we are all innocent.

The problem of guilt was recently addressed in an exemplary fashion by Federal President Richard von Weizsaecker in his magnificent speech to the Bundestag on May 8. Talking about the persecution of the Jews in the Third Reich he said: "Anyone who kept his eyes and ears open could not fail to see the deportation trains. The nature and scale of the destruction may have exceeded human imagination, but too many people . . . tried not to notice what was happening. There were many ways of not burdening one's conscience, of shunning responsibility, looking the other way, keeping silent. When the unspeakable truth of the Holocaust then became known at the end of the war, all too many of us claimed that we had not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

known anything. . . ." However, von Weizsaecker continued, echoing Burke, "There is no such thing as the guilt or innocence of a whole people. Guilt, like innocence, is not collective but personal." What there is collectively is historical responsibility.

This is a theme that, to be fair, was first addressed by Chancellor Kohl, on his original visit to Bergen-Belsen in April. "Germany bears historical responsibility for the crimes of the Nazi tyranny," he said there, and "40 years later, we continue to acknowledge that historical liability." In what does this collective responsibility consist? In the duty to remember: both chancellor and president quote the Jewish saying, "Seeking to forget makes exile all the longer; the secret of redemption lies in remembrance." In ensuring that a war will never again begin "from German soil." In working everywhere for those human rights on which Nazi Germany trampled. But there is also a particular European vision that arises from this sense of historical responsibility. In this vision, Germany, the nation that took old European nationalism to its lunatic extreme, will now be the first to overcome that nationalism, to point the way forward beyond the outmoded nation-state. It will be the first to give up its sovereignty into a (West) European Union; and then, by overcoming the division of Europe in a European way, we will finally overcome the division of Germany.

HOW DID this unfold in the version Kohl presented to the Silesians? "Just recently we have made significant steps forward in the European community," he said. "With every further renunciation of nation-state sovereignty we come closer to the goal of European Union." Coming just a few days after his government had for the first time used its right of veto in the EEC, over the issue of cereal prices, this sounded like a bad joke. Turning from Western to Eastern Europe, he talked at length about his desire for reconciliation. As Konrad Adenauer achieved the historic reconciliation with Germany's *Erbfeind* France, so Kohl, "Adenauer's grandson," would dearly love to go down in history as the man who achieved Germany's historic reconciliation with Poland, the old enemy in the East. The people of West Germany and Poland, he said, have recently come closer together, because the West Germans sent so many food parcels. He would like to see more German-Polish youth exchanges. The Poles must rest assured that West Germany will never try to change the post-1945 German-Polish frontier by force; and he repeated (to boos and hisses) his pledge that the Federal Republic neither has now, nor will have in the future, any territorial claims on the Polish People's Republic.

Yet he also insisted (to applause) that West Germany "can not and may not" give up its "legal position," which is that legally the German nation still recognizes the frontiers of 1937 (i.e., including about one-third of present-day Poland). In short, they do acknowledge the Polish frontiers, but then again they don't. One is bound to ask: "Why not?" Why "can not" West Germany change its "legal position"? No higher power prevents it. The constraint is imposed by a German court using German and international law. What is at stake, however, is a political and historical change for which there is no adequate German or international law (just as there was—and still is—no adequate German or international law to cover Nazi crimes against humanity). So this "can not" does not refer to some external objective truth, it refers to the subjective truth of German *national feelings*.

THEN AGAIN he declared that what is vital for overcoming the division of Germany and Europe is the question of freedom for the people living east of the iron curtain, not the question of sovereignty rights. But what is the sacred "legal position" if not a question of sovereignty rights? And freedom for whom? Historically, West Germany has engaged itself first and foremost for the freedom of the *Germans* in Eastern Europe—above all, for their freedom to emigrate to West Germany. Today the Kohl government insists that there are still 1.2 million Germans living in Poland (mostly in Silesia)—a contention that not only the Polish Communist government but also the Polish Catholic Church flatly denies. Curiously enough, Bonn's definition of a "German" in Poland is based directly on Hitler's definition of a "German" in Poland; they have used Nazi card indexes to determine eligibility. "This national minority exists," Kohl trumpeted, to loud applause. "We are its trustee." And this is to be the basis for a historic German-Polish reconciliation?

To say "scratch the European rhetoric and you find a national interest" would be to suggest a clearheaded cynicism that the Kohl government does not have. Indeed, the chancellor himself is a wondrous muddleheaded sort of man. But I think it is fair to say that, contrary to first appearances, national interests and national feelings play quite as large a part in West German politics as they do in British or French politics, although they are expressed here in a much more complex way. This is equally true of the Social Democrats, who also gave a top priority to the specific interests of the *Germans* in Eastern Europe when they ran the Ostpolitik, and who, let it not be forgotten, fought the last general election on the slogan "In the German Interest." But whereas the leading members of the Brandt and Schmidt governments at least agreed upon a common way to present the equation between German and European interests, the leading members of the Kohl government speak with several tongues. If the Free Democratic Party leader and foreign minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, says one thing, the Christian Socialist Union leader Franz Josef Strauss is sure to say another; and then Chancellor Kohl is sure to say that they are both right. This disarray certainly contributed to the Christian Democratic Union's serious defeat in the recent North Rhine-Westphalia election. Just three days before coming to Hannover, Kohl met with his two equally weighty coalition partners, Genscher and Strauss—Bonn wits dubbed it the "meeting of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elephants"—to try to restore a semblance of coalition unity.

His Hannover performance was thus important for his domestic as well as his foreign political position. On both scores it must be accounted an embarrassment. It will be recalled that he had threatened not to come unless the organizers changed their original, truly revanchist motto, "*Schlesien bleibt unser*"—"Silesia remains ours." And to be sure, the large backcloth behind him bore the official compromise motto: "Silesia remains our future in a Europe of free peoples." But as soon as he began to speak, placards were raised saying, yes, "*Schlesien bleibt unser*" and "*Schlesien bleibt Deutsch*." The ushers did nothing. Then, just in front of the press seats, two girls hoisted a red flag that said "*Schlesien bleibt Polnisch*." Immediately, several ushers hurried to tear it down, with some violence, while the chancellor intoned, "We are peaceful democrats. . . ." Later, as he stumbled nervously though his muddled text—an elephant in a mine field—a group of neo-Nazis interrupted him with chants of "*Wi-der-stand!*" ("Resistance!") and raised their arms in a close approximation to the Hitler salute. The ushers did nothing. It was not a numerous group—at most, a few hundred—but it was large enough to fill a million television screens. Kohl must have wished he had never come.

TIMOTHY GARTON ASH

Timothy Garton Ash is foreign editor of *The Spectator*. His *The Polish Revolution: Solidarity* has just been reissued in a Vintage paperback.

Racism and resentment on campus.

BROWN'S BLACKS

"THERE is a cross burning on the front lawn of this university." It was spring 1985 and the school was Brown in Providence, Rhode Island. There was no burning cross, but spurred by a white student's assault on a black undergraduate that was perceived to be racially motivated, several hundred minority students had gathered on the campus green to protest. Mark Griffith, spokesperson for the Organization of United African People, continued: "Something has told black and Third World people here that racism is alive, doing quite well, and receiving the support of this university and its administration."

To an outsider, at least, accusing Brown of "institutional racism" seems absurd. The university appears to coddle its minority students, probably more than other Ivy League schools. Brown has a Third World Center, which serves as a gathering place and helps to fund extracurricular activities. There is a special freshman orientation program for minorities. Two black women were this year's student speakers at commencement. The school is making an ongoing effort to attract minority students: last year 19 percent of all applicants were admitted; 31 percent of Hispanic applicants and 44 percent of black applicants got in. And though Brown has no official quotas, it clearly adheres to concrete goals: for the past five years, the number of blacks admitted has hovered around 255, and there are similarly stable numbers for other minority groups.

NEVERTHELESS, among minority students the word that crops up most often in conversation is "marginality." "Over the last two decades, we won the major battle of getting schools like Brown to admit large numbers of minority students," says one black student. "But now we want to have an impact on university life, and not just be the lucky recipients of the white man's education. Without more minority faculty and courses, we feel kind of useless, like we are here only because of 'noblesse oblige.' " Many minorities believe the administration is deliberately suppressing these desires for change—hence the charge of "institutional racism." Still, it's hard to glean what is meant by impact.

Griffith's denunciation of Brown launched a series of demonstrations and sit-ins that disrupted the usually tranquil campus for two months. A coalition of minority groups dominated by black students issued a detailed list of demands—notably, that Brown hire more minority faculty, add "Third World" courses to the curriculum, guarantee financial assistance for needy minority students, and make greater efforts to assure their physical safety. This prompted a sober 12-page response from the administration, which agreed to address some of the grievances. But by engaging in a rhetorical war disproportionate to the reality of any provocations they encounter at Brown, the protesters may have lost the sympathy of their fellow students even as they won the partial acquiescence of the administration. People resent conceding what they don't believe to be true.

To be sure, there is a core of truth to the minority complaints. Take minority faculty hiring. Of 530 faculty members, 38 are minorities—the same number as ten years ago. Since 1975 the number of blacks on the faculty has actually declined, from 17 to 13 (although more blacks have tenure). Black students are particularly irked that there are no blacks in the education department, an area that attracts half of all the country's black Ph.D.s. And they point out that a committee established by the administration two years ago to help the faculty find minorities did not meet at all last year. (The administration attributes this to the death of one committee member and the departure of another.)

But the issue is more complicated than these arguments suggest. Only 2.5 percent of doctorates awarded annually in the arts and sciences go to blacks, and Brown must compete for the best of them with other top-notch schools. In 1981 blacks received just 1,265 of 32,436 doctorates awarded in the United States. Of those, 614 were in educa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion. Only 100 blacks were awarded doctorates in the social sciences, a category that includes political science, history, anthropology, economics, sociology, and urban studies. Sixty-four blacks received doctorates in the biological sciences, 32 in physics, and 24 in engineering. According to the National Center for Education Statistics, incomplete numbers for more recent years show the trend is worsening. In part, this is because college-educated blacks, like whites, particularly in an age of economic anxiety, are pursuing graduate studies in areas that promise a financial payoff, such as law and business; for the few blacks with doctorates in the sciences, there are lucrative opportunities in hi-tech industry.

Black progress in higher education also has slowed over the last decade. A recent report by the College Board found that black enrollment in college has declined as a percentage of total enrollment, and that the black dropout rate from college has increased. The number of blacks receiving master's degrees has dropped from 20,345 in 1976 to 17,133 in 1981, a trend that is beginning to affect the number of black Ph.D.s. These problems transcend Brown, but circumscribe what Brown or any university can do.

THE ADMINISTRATION points out that the faculty hires the faculty. And the faculty, in private, makes some disturbing arguments. One white sociologist says many of his colleagues believe that minority Ph.D.s tend to be inferior to white Ph.D.s. "It sounds like a terribly racist argument," he says, "but it has some validity. This generation of blacks, in particular, is the first to really benefit from education. Some of the Ph.D.s are there because of affirmative action policies or are still handicapped by past discrimination. They just can't be as good as whites yet." If this is true, it means that to fulfill minority expectations in the short term, schools may have to hire relatively less qualified people. The dilemma is worse at schools that do not have the money or reputation to attract the most accomplished blacks. Some administrators admit this is a problem, but make a strong case for minority role models, who are inspiration to increasingly qualified minorities. With time, the size and quality of the minority doctorate pool will increase. But what kind of role models will these be if they are not intellectually qualified ones?

The curriculum question is a little more straightforward. Even the administration agrees that Brown's course offerings in Third World studies are deficient, particularly concerning the Middle East, Latin America, and Asia. But this problem will be largely rectified as the university grows. Until recently Brown was a provincial school weak in areas such as international relations. That program has become a clear priority, and as it improves, so too will Third World offerings. Ironically, many of the Third World courses that do exist—especially in Afro-American studies—have been sparsely attended. (Although there are about 1,000 minority students at Brown, "Concepts and Issues in Afro-American Anthropology" attracted just nine students, "Slavery and the American Mind" drew 12, and "Stereotypes of Hispanics in Literature" had an enrollment of 11. This low enrollment pattern is found at the other Ivies as well.) According to the College Board report, growing numbers of black students, like other minorities and whites, are taking business courses in the belief that a "practical" field will help lead to a job upon graduation.

Brown administrators take pains to make clear that they share the desire to increase minority faculty and bolster the Third World curriculum. But whereas minority students see institutional racism as the cause of Brown's shortcomings in these areas, the administrators blame a shortage of funds and personnel. During the last decade, most schools have lived through tough financial times. Because of this, many concerns and demands compete for a limited budget. The minority issues must be balanced against computerization, faculty salaries, and improving the school's physical plant. Minority wants also compete among themselves. More funding to the faculty for minority slots may mean less money for financial aid. Developing additional Third World courses could mean that minority students will have to do without the new Third World Center that was also a part of their demands.

The administration admits that minority concerns have not been its top budget priority. Instead, it has emphasized projects that benefit the entire student body, like the computer center and new dormitories. Robert Lee, an assistant dean in charge of the Third World Center, says that these kinds of initiatives have made minority students feel "second class" at Brown. "Brown has tried to foster its image as a 'hot college' by emphasizing its high-tech, glitzy side like computers to the detriment of minority concerns. How do you think that makes minority students feel?" But administrators say this approach has helped Brown attract students and alumni support, which make the school wealthier, and thus better able to deal with minority problems. And competence in high tech can only help minority students. It is one key to upward mobility.

The minority case, then, seems more emotional than empirical. Still, the intensity of those emotions succeeded in heightening the awareness of the Brown administration about minority alienation. Budget priorities will not change, but the administration will probably look more carefully at faculty appointments to ensure that minorities have been given proper consideration for any openings. In fact, the administration has already agreed to hire 15 additional minority faculty members over the next five years. The charge of racial harassment cited by the protesters is also certain to receive more attention.

But whatever good comes from the semester of unrest may be counterbalanced by lingering bad feelings between whites and minorities. Although many white students were initially sympathetic to minority demands, the militant, often brutal rhetoric of the Third World groups has created a backlash.

THE SHOCK TREATMENT seems to have been calculated. "Look, people around here are just complacent about these issues," says one of the protest leaders. "We

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knew we really had to stir things up to get anything done." To an extent, the tactic succeeded. "They did wake us up," says Jonathan Karp, president of *The Brown Daily Herald*, the student newspaper. "We considered ourselves nice white liberals, not racists. They upped the ante by saying 'merely by existing here and upholding the status quo, you're a racist.' I can tell you that this prompted a lot of soul-searching."

BUT FOR MANY, the result of such a soul search was the affirmation that "no, I am not a racist," and a resentment at attempts by minority students to "guilt trip" them. As Morey Stettner, editorial page editor of the paper, commented after the protests had ended, "It was a costly victory. The oftentimes threatening behavior of Third World students caused some of their potential supporters to drift away. The heightened tension that spread throughout campus just a few weeks ago left scars that will not soon heal."

Of course, it's true a white can never know what it feels like to be a minority in a predominantly white society. Where a white sees random events, a minority might see a pattern of racism—no matter that a disciplinary committee found that the assault that sparked the protests was not racially motivated. Whites were made to feel that, from the minority perspective, any interaction between whites and minorities is racially charged. As one white student told me, "In terms of not being a racist, a white person at Brown is guilty until proven innocent." The same may be said for the institution itself.

Similarly, there seems to be a contradiction between the minority desire for true integration expressed by the protesters and their own self-imposed segregation. At Brown—indeed, at most schools—minorities eat apart (though clearly whites must share the blame for this type of segregation). They gather at the Third World Center. The very name of the leading protest group, the Organization of United African People, seems designed to emphasize their separateness.

Some of the minority demands show that in fact they want to be treated differently. The protesters declared: "The university must guarantee that no black or other Third World student will leave Brown because of inadequate financial aid," and also stated that the university "must ensure need-blind black and other Third World admissions." These are admirable goals, but for the entire community, not just for minority students. Preferential treatment of this sort will only anger whites, and not make minorities feel more at home at Brown. Already minorities receive 41 percent of the school's financial aid, while making up 18 percent of the student body. Where does that leave lower- and middle-income white students? And although administrators deny it, several knowledgeable sources claim that Brown practices need-blind admissions for some minority groups, including blacks, but not for whites.

The problems at Brown underscore a larger point. White and minority views on how to help the latter advance in our society seem to be increasingly divergent. Many whites—including many liberal whites—believe that the major obstacles of systematic discrimination have been largely overcome, and that time and goodwill can solve the outstanding problems. Many minority students, though, feel frustrated. The exhilarating pace of change that characterized the 1960s and 1970s has slowed. Some groups, notably blacks, have not performed as well as others in the short time they have had equality of opportunity, and may be projecting their relative failure outward. Although the Reagan administration has done much to fuel minority defensiveness, what some minority students (and faculty) seem to fear most is the curtailment of preferential treatment, not racism.

Indeed, several of the protesters at Brown admitted that the school is actually a pretty good place for minority students. "We just want to make it better," they say. To make things better, it is sometimes necessary to make them look worse than they really are. Clearly Brown University, like the country at large, could do better in integrating minorities. But fighting the problems of the 1980s with the tactics and rhetoric of the 1960s seems likely to breed resentment as much as it does progress.

ANTONY J. BLINKEN

Antony J. Blinken, a former TNR reporter-researcher, is a student at Columbia Law School.

A political fashion is revived.

THE PERILS OF POPULISM

POPULISM is the newest fashion in Washington. The Reagan administration is touting its tax reform program as a populist measure, aimed at curbing the influence of wealthy and powerful special interests. But what is a populist to make of Ronald Reagan's startling assertion in early May that his reform will make the tax code "less progressive"? The current plan is a bonanza for the rich and is, in the words of Treasury Secretary James Baker, "far less offensive" to business than his department's original proposal. At the same time, the Reagan plan offers "fairness," in the sense that it eliminates many loopholes and tax preferences available to the privileged few.

The administration is betting that Americans will buy a system that is fairer even if it is less progressive. It may work. Hostility to the privileged and the powerful is a sentiment deeply rooted in American culture. In fact, the populist commitment to fairness is more deeply rooted than the ideological commitment to equality. Historically, populism has done less to protect the economic interests of the underprivileged than to feed their resentment and suspicion of elites.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elites tend to be rich and well educated; hence, economically conservative and culturally sophisticated. Populism is anti-elitist and therefore just the reverse—left-wing on economic issues and right-wing on social and cultural issues. These days liberal Democrats are vulnerable to attack as cultural elitists, and conservative Republicans as economic elitists; true populists do not feel entirely comfortable in either party.

This ideological ambivalence has been populism's principal weakness. Conservatives have been able to disguise a regressive economic agenda with populist rhetoric, and authentic economic reformers have time and again been bought off by the right. President Reagan's born-again populism is perfectly consistent with this historical tradition—anti-elitist, but also anti-progressive.

THE AGRARIAN protest movement of the 1890s, when organized populism reached its greatest strength in the United States, illustrates this ideological dualism. The platforms of the People's Party regularly called for government ownership of railroads and telegraph systems, a graduated income tax, currency expansion, free silver, regulation of banking and "money power," and, in some instances, a "war on capital." At the same time, the populism of the 1890s was deeply imbued with the values of evangelical Protestantism ("You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold"). Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab find evidence of nativism, anti-Catholicism, and anti-Semitism associated with various populist leaders. The cultural gulf between populist farmers and the heavily immigrant and urban labor movement made coalition difficult. Farmer-labor politics did not emerge until 20 years later, with the Progressives.

William Jennings Bryan, the great populist hero, was an authentic radical on economic issues. (He once described the GOP as "the party representing nothing but an organized appetite.") But he was also a defender of the fundamentalist faith at the Scopes trial. An even more striking example of the ideological duality of populism is Tom Watson, a senator from Georgia, the leader of the Southern populists, and the People's Party candidate for president in 1904 and 1908. Watson spent his life attacking Wall Street, the banks, the oil companies, and the railroads; he supported foreign revolutionary causes and called for recognition of the Soviet Union; he defended Eugene Debs in opposing U.S. entry into World War I; and in his early career, he advocated a coalition of poor white and poor black farmers. But later he became one of the most notorious bigots in American history, using his newspaper to inflame public sentiment against blacks, Catholics, and Jews. His writings were singularly responsible for agitating an anti-Semitic frenzy in the Leo Frank case of 1914-15.

Watson was not a unique case. C. Vann Woodward has described how upper-class Southern conservatives at the turn of the century usurped the immensely threatening populist movement by raising the banner of white supremacy. The crusade for economic reform was displaced by the campaign for Jim Crow and disfranchisement. In the 1930s there was Father Charles E. Coughlin, the "radio priest" with an audience of ten million listeners. He started out as a Roosevelt supporter and an indefatigable adversary of bankers and Wall Street; he ended up as a fascist sympathizer and a vicious anti-Semite.

WHAT INFLUENCE has the populist strain in American politics had on the two major parties? Since the New Deal, the Democrats have laid claim to the tradition of economic populism. They are the party of the poor, "the common man," and the average American, the party that protects the economically vulnerable against adversity. For over 50 years, the principal barrier to the Republicans' becoming a majority party has been their persistent identification as the party of the rich, of big business, of the country club and the boardroom.

On the other hand, since the civil rights revolution, the GOP has steadily moved in the direction of social and cultural populism. The Democratic Party's endorsement of the values of the educated upper-middle class—racial liberalism, feminism, noninterventionism abroad—has driven many into the GOP. Reagan's moral traditionalism, his defense of religion, and his foreign policy toughness all have an undeniably populist appeal. White working-class voters feel comfortable with the Democrats economically but not culturally. Upper-middle-class suburbanites like Reagan's fiscal conservatism but are turned off by his Moral Majoritarianism.

The Republicans have finally discovered that cultural populism is not enough to make theirs the majority party, and that what they need is a strong dose of economic populism. Congressional advocates of a "conservative opportunity society" claim to have the answer. They have tirelessly promoted tax reform as the breakthrough issue for the GOP.

And so we have Reagan, the nonbeliever in progressive taxation, talking about "our special commitment to fairness." Since 1981, polls taken by ABC News and *The Washington Post* have shown the Democrats rated ahead of the Republicans for "seeing to it that taxes are fair to everyone." In fact, the public holds President Reagan partly responsible for making the tax system less fair. According to Cambridge Reports, Inc., two-thirds of the public believes that Reagan's tax cuts have primarily benefited upper-income people. A similar proportion feels that the tax cuts have helped business more than individual taxpayers.

By appealing to anti-establishment populism, Reagan hopes to change their minds. The power of this feeling—which encompasses resentment of "Washington," the special interests, and the status quo—was discovered independently by two political strategists, one on the right and the other on the left. The first was Kevin Phillips, who, in *The Emerging Republican Majority* (1969), described the appeal of the New Right as based more on resentment of the establishment than on ideology. At that time, conservatives like Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan were primarily concerned with overthrowing the Eastern Estab-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lishment of the Republican Party. But Phillips argued that the same energy could be used to challenge the liberal establishment that ran the federal government.

In 1972 Patrick Caddell masterminded George McGovern's seizure of the Democratic Party. Caddell saw that much of McGovern's support derived from his challenge to the entrenched power of the Democratic Party establishment, men like Edmund Muskie and Hubert Humphrey. Caddell promoted the theory of the "alienated voter," which argued that supporters of McGovern and George Wallace both opposed the party establishment, and if the proper populist theme could be identified (possibly tax reform), they might form a potent coalition. It didn't happen in 1972 because the ideological differences that separated McGovern and Wallace—race, Vietnam—were stronger than the anti-establishment resentment they shared.

But Caddell stuck with his theory and made it work for Carter four years later. Carter was exactly what the theory required—an outsider and a populist with no ideological baggage. He attracted just enough Wallace Democrats and McGovern Democrats to win the election. His opponent, Gerald Ford, had already been softened up by an anti-establishment challenge from Ronald Reagan in the Republican primaries.

Thus both the New Politics left and the New Right discovered that anti-establishment populism was their secret weapon. It showed up again in 1984, in Gary Hart's nearly successful challenge to Walter Mondale. Mondale made the mistake of running as an insider, the candidate of the party establishment, in order to distance himself from Carter. That made him vulnerable, like his mentor Humphrey, to a challenge from yet another unknown New Politics Democrat advised by Caddell.

Many people in Washington believe that the anti-Washington issue has run its course. Walter Mondale believed that. It is not likely to be any more true in 1988 than it was in 1984. George Bush, who seems to be doing his best to imitate Mondale's campaign of inevitability, may end up learning the same lesson—that anti-establishment feeling in the American electorate is very nearly inexhaustible.

THE DEMOCRATS got caught on the wrong side of this issue. The party became identified with the status quo and the vested interests who had been running Washington for 50 years. To most Americans, the federal government had become the establishment, and defending it meant defending statism and interest-group liberalism. The progressives and the New Dealers had used government power to attack the special interests and the status quo. In those days, the federal government really was an anti-establishment force. But during the 1970s it became widely accepted that government was corrupt, abusive, wasteful, and inefficient—and that federal spending was the principal cause of inflation. Reagan rode to power on the strength of this antigovernment consensus. He then used it to attack progressive government.

The tax system, like government spending, stirs populist passions. The problem in both cases is unintended consequences. In the 1970s neoconservatives demonstrated that many well-intentioned government programs ended up making problems worse. As for the tax code, incentives that were originally passed for a valid social purpose too often give rise to inequities and disincentives to economic productivity. The system favors special interests. Fat cats and big corporations manipulate loopholes so they can avoid paying their fair share—if they pay any taxes at all. "Let's not let the special interest raids of the few rob us of all our dreams," the president said.

In his first term, President Reagan built a genuinely populist coalition based on resentment of government. Now he is trying to use the rhetoric of populism to push a tax-reform plan that, thanks to his administration's efforts, is no longer very progressive. "There are two ideas of government," a Democratic politician once said. "There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, their prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea, however, has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way up through every class which rests upon them." That was William Jennings Bryan in 1896. He knew a thing or two about populism. Apparently he also knew a thing or two about Ronald Reagan's trickle-down economics.

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

William Schneider is a resident fellow at the American Enterprise Institute and a contributing editor to *National Review* and *The Los Angeles Times*.

Vote fraud in Alabama.

BALLOT BOLLIX

Marion, Alabama

BULLET HOLES scar the front of Jimmie Lee Jackson's gravestone; riders in passing pickups sometimes fire into the roadside family cemetery. The deep gouges along the top of the gravestone are from the chains attached to an automobile bumper the night the monument was uprooted and tipped over. The brick wall to protect the gravestone from further damage was built by Jackson's friend Albert Turner, who was along that night in February 1965 when Jimmie Lee became the first martyr in the struggle for Southern black voting rights. He was beaten and shot within sight of the courthouse in Perry County, Alabama.

Albert's wife, Evelyn, keeps the scrapbooks of family photos and clippings: Albert, then an aide to Martin Luther King Jr., marching behind Hosea Williams and John

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lewis just before all hell broke loose on the bridge at Selma on Bloody Sunday in 1965. Albert's photo from *The New York Times*, with the caption "Crusader for the Black Vote." A photo of herself, Evelyn, watching the King funeral on television, perhaps watching Albert helping to drag the mules pulling King's coffin up the steep, muddy hill at Morehouse College.

Now the federal government has its own pictures of Albert and Evelyn Turner—"ordinary mug shots," in Albert's words. Civil rights and political leaders here for more than two decades, the Turners have been indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of conspiracy, vote fraud, and mail fraud. They have been accused of gathering the absentee ballots of their elderly, illiterate, and infirm supporters, then altering those ballots to favor the candidates of their own choice: in short, of stealing the vote.

The Turners are not alone. In Eutaw, the county seat of Greene County, Spiver Gordon, the town's first black to be elected to the City Council and a longtime leader of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, was indicted and arraigned in June on conspiracy, mail fraud, furnishing false information, and voting more than once. Specifically, the indictment states that Gordon, in cooperation with a nursing home employee, arranged to have the absentee ballots of mentally incapacitated nursing home residents sent to him. He is charged with having marked the ballots and mailed them back.

Several other Alabama counties were targets of the FBI vote fraud investigations following the primary in September 1984. All the counties investigated are in the Black Belt, where the population ranges from one-third to three-quarters black. Blacks have begun to win majorities on county commissions and boards of education. Here and there they have also won such key county jobs as probate judge, sheriff, and tax assessor. But in most of these counties total control is within reach of black voters only if they remain united—and if their leaders can now stay out of jail.

The fact that a U.S. senator was on the 1984 primary ballot helped the federal government gain entrée into these cases, but it was entirely incidental to the underlying political struggle. No one steals or buys votes for a senator; the payoff is not worth the risk. The issue here is control of the county courthouse.

SUMTER COUNTY is two-to-one black in population, 98 percent of the public school students are black, and last year blacks won total control of the school board and county commission. The chairman of the Board of Education, Wendell Parrish, says he expects to see his own name on a federal vote fraud indictment soon. Parrish claims that local white factions have engaged the services of the Reagan Justice Department to settle the long struggle over the area running from Alabama's capital city, Montgomery, to the Mississippi border. "That's the real conspiracy," says Parrish.

Jack Drake, a white Democratic Tuscaloosa attorney who observes politics in this region from a courthouse perspective, says, "All elections in the Black Belt are racial." Drake suspects the investigations indeed were inspired by local whites: "Their motivation is to maintain power, maintain control of the counties. I'm sure in their minds they're fighting for their lives, the way they live their lives. You're talking about people who in their emotional outlook toward the situation are really quite desperate."

NEVERTHELESS, the federal government believes it can prove to a jury composed of eight whites and eight blacks now sitting in trial in Selma that Albert and Evelyn Turner, who marched to win the right to vote in the 1960s, are fraudulently abusing that right today. This is not the work of William Bradford Reynolds's controversial Civil Rights Division, but that of a seldom noticed section called the Public Integrity Section in the Criminal Division. Attorney General William French Smith resuscitated the division, and it has produced a string of investigations, trials, and convictions.

Coached by the Public Integrity Section, Republican-appointed U.S. attorneys around the country are on a tear, ripping up the pea patch on vote fraud, Republican and Democrat alike. In Chicago the Democrats originally called for the investigation and wound up paying the price when Republican U.S. Attorney Dan Webb indicted and convicted an impressive number of minor cogs in what remains of the Democratic political machine. In the mountains of North Carolina a race for sheriff in Clay County saw both sides engage in the time-honored practice of buying votes (up to $50 a vote). The Democratic winner went to the penitentiary—partly on the plea-bargain testimony of the defeated Republican incumbent, who also did time.

But is clean government the point of these trials? Black Belt politics is still fought out largely in Democratic primaries. But it has now reached that level of sophistication where the ticket for the white faction often includes some black candidates—as, say, for tax assessor, a man like John Kennard of Greene County. Blacks here constitute 78 percent of the population, and civil rights veterans began winning a share of control in the county as early as 1970. Now a new coalition of whites and "responsible blacks" has banded together to unseat the all-black county commission, and to elect Kennard assessor. Kennard invited whites to his political rally, a first, and he in turn was invited to speak at a once exclusively white location, the National Guard Armory.

What are the stakes in all this besides a "way of life"? Well, there are 132 jobs on the payroll of Greene County, with only 8,000 registered voters. There is also the right to decide who allocates school funds, who sets property assessments, who drives the sheriff's car and hires the deputies, and who sells the county its gasoline. The spoils, especially when mixed up with race, make local elections a high-stakes deal.

John Kennard, by the way, cooperated with the FBI's investigation in Greene County. For that he has been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called a "white man's nigger," but he says that the fraud in the 1982 primary was perpetrated on black voters by their own trusted leaders. He vows that "it will never happen again."

In the contested county election here, the crucial battleground is often the absentee ballot box. Perry County, where Albert and Evelyn Turner live, is one of the smallest in the state. Yet in a typical election more absentee ballots will be cast in Perry County than in Jefferson County (which includes Birmingham), where the population is nearly 50 times larger. In Perry County, also, there was a voter reidentification program: every voter had to reregister or be purged from the rolls. "At least in Perry County they're voting live bodies in the absentee box," says Republican U.S. Attorney Jeff Sessions, who heads the team prosecuting the Turners. Contrast that with other Black Belt counties like Wilcox, where the voter rolls have not been purged for years and now include more qualified names than there are men, women, and children living in the county.

Black leaders admit they gather absentee votes by the bushel. "No question about it," says Albert Turner, "we've been doing it for six or seven years, since we learned the process. Most elections here are won by 50 to 100 votes. Every day 35 percent of the work force leaves Perry County for jobs. In Lowndes County, it's even more. If we don't vote those people, and the elderly, there's no way to win elections."

However, black leaders also charge that whites systematically gather absentee votes, that some of those votes come from longtime nonresidents of the Black Belt counties, and that federal authorities have been indifferent to their repeated complaints about the practice. They offer as evidence letters sent to out-of-state former Alabamians, an appeal from the Concerned Citizens of Sumter County, for example:

> Dear Friend: Your name still appears on the Voter List here in Sumter County, you are eligible to vote an Absentee Ballot. . . . As the election this year is vitally important to your family and/or friends who still live here in Sumter County, please vote Absentee when the ballot is returned to you.

The letter is signed by Thomas F. Seale, a candidate for district judge.

Speaking on condition that he not be named, a white Democratic county chairman says, "They're doing what we always did. The blacks learned from us." Speaking on the same basis, a Justice Department official acknowledges, "We know both sides are abusing the absentee process in those counties." On the record, however, the Justice Department says it has had no complaints about white vote fraud.

THE federal government certainly has had complaints about black vote fraud. Albert Turner's alleged transgressions were originally reported by Roy L. Johnson, the local district attorney. Johnson is an ex-Marine who lived in suburban Washington, D.C., for nearly 20 years before returning to practice law in Marion, the seat of Perry County, where his grandfather once was tax assessor. Johnson was elected to a six-year term in 1980, and convened his vote fraud grand jury two years later, examining an election in which Albert Turner had run a write-in campaign for himself as probate judge. In a storeroom across from his second-floor courthouse office, Johnson showed me the impounded absentee ballots that he keeps locked in a box. "Some of the original registrations were signed with an X," Johnson explains, "and the absentee ballot requests for the same individuals were signed in flowing signatures." Johnson says that on several of the ballots shown to the grand jury the voters' original choices were scratched out and Albert Turner's name was written in—in Turner's own handwriting.

Johnson, though, could not persuade the black majority and black foreman on the grand jury to bring any indictments on vote fraud. The district attorney suggests that Albert Turner used his political muscle among blacks in the county to avoid a trial. Instead, the grand jury reported that the courthouse needed painting, that the tax collector's office should get new chairs, desk, and carpet, and then added a single paragraph on vote fraud, saying it found sufficient signs of tampering with absentee ballots to request "the presence and assistance of an outside agency, preferably federal, to monitor our elections."

Johnson sent his evidence to the Department of Justice in Washington. "I told them we had in essence pure unadulterated fraud in the absentee process here in Perry County," says Johnson. He adds, "The members of the grand jury felt the federal government was the most impartial and fair agency we could have come in. No one could be accused of any local favoritism or politics." Some would conclude that Johnson speaks tongue in cheek, others that when a white, rural Southern politician makes such a claim for the federal government, it is a sign that times are changing. In any case, thus the trap was laid for Albert Turner.

AT THE FIRST sign of an organized absentee ballot operation by the Turners in 1984, the FBI was called in. Albert had been sighted with a box of absentee ballot envelopes by two black candidates being opposed by the Turners. An order was obtained from a local judge that every absentee ballot be numbered, with a corresponding number on the ballot envelope. Thus it was possible to tell who the voter was and for whom he voted. When Albert Turner mailed 504 absentee ballots at the Marion, Alabama, post office on the night before the election, FBI agents were stationed inside, watching the ballots come through the slot, marking down the numbers. If the ballots were altered by the Turners, mailing them was mail fraud, and the government says it will prove that between 25 and 30 were changed.

Everyone whose absentee ballot was altered was interviewed by the FBI. Voters who said their ballot did not square with the way they marked it (mostly elderly and all black) were bused more than 200 miles to Mobile to testify before the federal grand jury. "Some of them had never

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been outside Perry County before," says District Attorney Johnson. "For them it was a lark."

"Johnson must be joking," says Albert Turner. "Some of those people were so scared they'll never vote again." Turner's attorney, J. L. Chestnut, warned the Selma *Times-Journal*, "Every nigger who said anything to the FBI is going to be put on the stand. They are going to have to say it out in the open where you can hear them and you can see them."

Considering the tactics, the timing, and the politics, Black Belt leaders believe they are targets for the Reagan administration's new, conservative, Republican U.S. attorneys. They charge that the indictments are designed to render them ineffective in opposing the reelection of Republican senator Jeremiah Denton next year. Justice Department and local law enforcement officials counter that the old civil rights leaders have become arrogant in the treatment of their own followers, high-handed in their disregard for the law, and have attempted to use threats and intimidation to avoid the consequences. Jack Drake, the Tuscaloosa attorney, recognizes the ultimate political stakes, saying, "The outcome of these trials will determine who controls the Black Belt for the next 30 years."

KEN BODE

Ken Bode is national political correspondent for NBC News.

America's greatest success story.

THE TRIUMPH OF ASIAN-AMERICANS

BY DAVID A. BELL

IT IS the year 2019. In the heart of downtown Los Angeles, massive electronic billboards feature a model in a kimono hawking products labeled in Japanese. In the streets below, figures clad in traditional East Asian peasant garb hurry by, speaking to each other in an English made unrecognizable by the addition of hundreds of Spanish and Asian words. A rough-mannered policeman leaves an incongruously graceful calling card on a doorstep: a delicate origami paper sculpture.

This is, of course, a scene from a science-fiction movie, Ridley Scott's 1982 *Blade Runner*. It is also a vision that Asian-Americans dislike intensely. Hysterical warnings of an imminent Asian "takeover" of the United States stained a whole century of their 140-year history in this country, providing the backdrop for racial violence, legal segregation, and the internment of 110,000 Japanese-Americans in concentration camps during World War II. Today integration into American society, not transformation of American society, is the goal of an overwhelming majority. So why did the critics praise *Blade Runner* for its "realism"? The answer is easy to see.

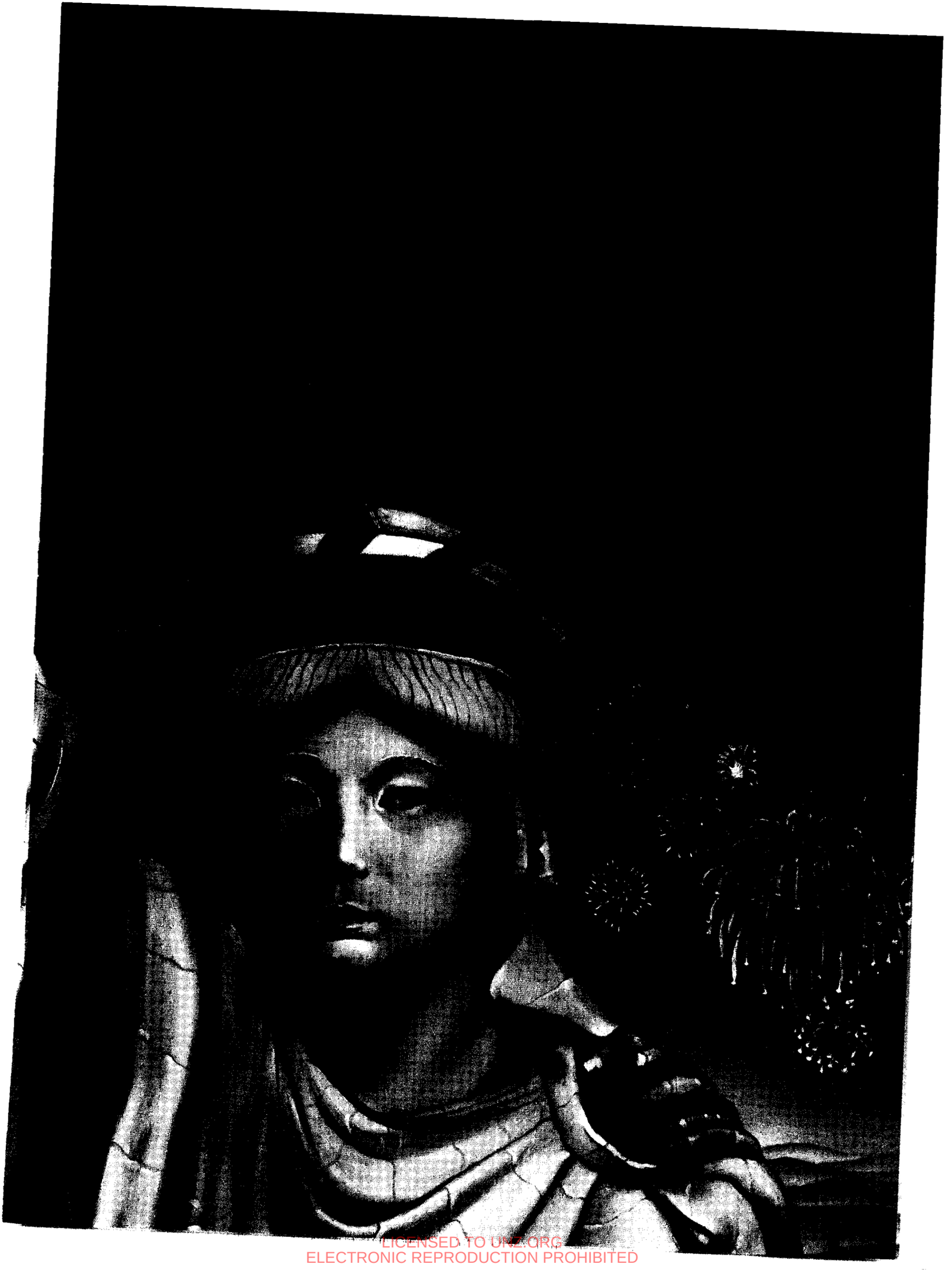
The Asian-American population is exploding. According to the Census Bureau, it grew an astounding 125 percent between 1970 and 1980, and now stands at 4.1 million, or 1.8 percent of all Americans. Most of the increase is the result of immigration, which accounted for 1.8 million people between 1973 and 1983, the last year for which the Immigration and Naturalization Service has accurate figures (710,000 of these arrived as refugees from Southeast Asia). And the wave shows little sign of subsiding. Ever since the Immigration Act of 1965 permitted large-scale immigration by Asians, they have made up over 40 percent of all newcomers to the United States. Indeed, the arbitrary quota of 20,000 immigrants per country per year established by the act has produced huge backlogs of future Asian-Americans in several countries, including 120,000 in South Korea and 336,000 in the Philippines, some of whom, according to the State Department, have been waiting for their visas since 1970.

The numbers are astonishing. But even more astonishing is the extent to which Asian-Americans have become prominent out of all proportion to their share of the population. It now seems likely that their influx will have as important an effect on American society as the migrations from Europe of 100 years ago. Most remarkable of all, it is taking place with relatively little trouble.

The new immigration from Asia is a radical development in several ways. First, it has not simply enlarged an existing Asian-American community, but created an entirely new one. Before 1965, and the passage of the Immigration Act, the term "Oriental-American" (which was then the vogue) generally denoted people living on the West Coast, in Hawaii, or in the Chinatowns of a few large cities. Generally they traced their ancestry either to one small part of China, the Toishan district of Kwantung

David A. Bell, a former TNR reporter-researcher, is a graduate student in history at Princeton University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

province, or to a small number of communities in Japan (one of the largest of which, ironically, was Hiroshima). Today more than a third of all Asian-Americans live outside Chinatowns in the East, South, and Midwest, and their origins are as diverse as those of "European-Americans." The term "Asian-American" now refers to over 900,000 Chinese from all parts of China and also Vietnam, 800,000 Filipinos, 700,000 Japanese, 500,000 Koreans, 400,000 East Indians, and a huge assortment of everything else from Moslem Cambodians to Catholic Hawaiians. It can mean an illiterate Hmong tribesman or a fully assimilated graduate of the Harvard Business School.

Asian-Americans have also attracted attention by their new prominence in several professions and trades. In New York City, for example, where the Asian-American population jumped from 94,500 in 1970 to 231,500 in 1980, Korean-Americans run an estimated 900 of the city's 1,600 corner grocery stores. Filipino doctors—who outnumber black doctors—have become general practitioners in thousands of rural communities that previously lacked physicians. East Indian-Americans own 800 of California's 6,000 motels. And in parts of Texas, Vietnamese-Americans now control 85 percent of the shrimp-fishing industry, though they only reached this position after considerable strife (now the subject of a film, *Alamo Bay*).

Individual Asian-Americans have become quite prominent as well. I.M. Pei and Minoru Yamasaki have helped transform American architecture. Seiji Ozawa and Yo Yo Ma are giant figures in American music. An Wang created one of the nation's largest computer firms, and Rocky Aoki founded one of its largest restaurant chains (Benihana). Samuel C.C. Ting won a Nobel prize in physics.

MOST SPECTACULAR of all, and most significant for the future, is the entry of Asian-Americans into the universities. At Harvard, for example, Asian-Americans ten years ago made up barely three percent of the freshman class. The figure is now ten percent—five times their share of the population. At Brown, Asian-American applications more than tripled over the same period, and at Berkeley they increased from 3,408 in 1982 to 4,235 only three years later. The Berkeley student body is now 22 percent Asian-American, UCLA's is 21 percent, and MIT's 19 percent. The Julliard School of Music in New York is currently 30 percent Asian and Asian-American. American medical schools had only 571 Asian-American students in 1970, but in 1980 they had 1,924, and last year 3,763, or 5.6 percent of total enrollment. What is more, nearly all of these figures are certain to increase. In the current, largely foreign-born Asian-American community, 32.9 percent of people over 25 graduated from college (as opposed to 16.2 percent in the general population). For third-generation Japanese-Americans, the figure is 88 percent.

By any measure these Asian-American students are outstanding. In California only the top 12.5 percent of high school students qualify for admission to the uppermost tier of the state university system, but 39 percent of Asian-American high school students do. On the SATs, Asian-Americans score an average of 519 in math, surpassing whites, the next highest group, by 32 points. Among Japanese-Americans, the most heavily native-born Asian-American group, 68 percent of those taking the math SAT scored above 600—high enough to qualify for admission to almost any university in the country. The Westinghouse Science Talent search, which each year identifies 40 top high school science students, picked 12 Asian-Americans in 1983, nine last year, and seven this year. And at Harvard the Phi Beta Kappa chapter last April named as its elite "Junior Twelve" students five Asian-Americans and seven Jews.

FACED WITH these statistics, the understandable reflex of many non-Asian-Americans is adulation. President Reagan has called Asian-Americans "our exemplars of hope and inspiration." *Parade* magazine recently featured an article on Asian-Americans titled "The Promise of America," and *Time* and *Newsweek* stories have boasted headlines like "A Formula for Success," "The Drive to Excel," and "A 'Model Minority.' " However, not all of these stories come to grips with the fact that Asian-Americans, like all immigrants, have to deal with a great many problems of adjustment, ranging from the absurd to the deadly serious.

Who would think, for example, that there is a connection between Asian-American immigration and the decimation of California's black bear population? But Los Angeles, whose Korean population grew by 100,000 in the past decade, now has more than 300 licensed herbal-acupuncture shops. And a key ingredient in traditional Korean herbal medicine is *ungdam*, bear gallbladder. The result is widespread illegal hunting and what *Audubon* magazine soberly calls "a booming trade in bear parts."

As Mark R. Thompson recently pointed out in *The Wall Street Journal*, the clash of cultures produced by Asian immigration can also have vexing legal results. Take the case of Fumiko Kimura, a Japanese-American woman who tried to drown herself and her two children in the Pacific. She survived but the children did not, and she is now on trial for their murder. As a defense, her lawyers are arguing that parent-child suicide is a common occurrence in Japan. In Fresno, California, meanwhile, 30,000 newly arrived Hmong cause a different problem. "Anthropologists call the custom 'marriage by capture,' " Mr. Thompson writes. "Fresno police and prosecutors call it 'rape.' "

A much more serious problem for Asian-Americans is racial violence. In 1982 two unemployed whites in Detroit beat to death a Chinese-American named Vincent Chin, claiming that they wanted revenge on the Japanese for hurting the automobile industry. After pleading guilty to manslaughter, they paid a $3,000 fine and were released. More recently, groups of Cambodians and Vietnamese in Boston were beaten by white youths, and there have been incidents in New York and Los Angeles as well.

Is this violence an aberration, or does it reflect the persistence of anti-Asian prejudice in America? By at least one indicator, it seems hard to believe that Asian-Americans

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Listen to Jefferson.

Revolutions are still fought over his ideas.

The ideas of Jefferson, Paine, Thoreau, Marx, Rousseau and others have changed the world. They are still changing the world today. Knowledge Products has gathered the works of the world's most influential writers into a collection of professionally produced, provocative audio tapes. **Much more than a reading of the books, the tapes present the ideas of the great thinkers through excerpts from their writing and a discussion of each book's historical and intellectual context.**

The Investment in Time: The Hours You Aren't Using.

If you spend 20 minutes a day in your car, you have time to listen to the ideas of Locke, Mill, Tocqueville and others. Put a cassette into your player and learn, anywhere and any time. The Knowledge Products Audio Classics Series can become a mobile seminar.

The Investment in Money: No Obligation For 30 Days.

Send for our first package of tapes—Common Sense by Thomas Paine and The Declaration of Independence by Thomas Jefferson—and if not satisfied, return within 30 days for a full refund. Fill out the coupon and choose the terms you prefer—$47.50 per month for four months ($190—less than $8 per cassette), or save 10% by paying the advance price of $170 (just over $7 per cassette). Depending on your circumstances, this may be tax deductible. You will receive the entire Audio Classics Series with a new package of two tapes arriving approximately every 30 days, 24 cassettes in all.

The Value of Great Ideas.

This 'age of information' in which we live is not necessarily the age of wisdom. The Audio Classics Series is designed for those who have the desire but not enough time to lead what Socrates called 'the informed life'.

There is absolutely no risk to you. This is the Knowledge Products guarantee: return the first package of tapes within 30 days, and you owe nothing. If you become dissatisfied at any point in the series, cancel and receive a pro rata refund for all the tapes you haven't received.

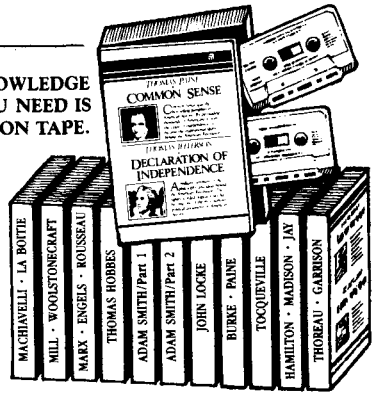
The Complete Audio Classics Series

1. • **COMMON SENSE**
   • **DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE**
2. • **CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE**
   • **THE LIBERATOR**
3. • **WEALTH OF NATIONS (Part 1)***
4. • **WEALTH OF NATIONS (Part 2)***
5. • **TWO TREATISES OF GOVERNMENT***
6. • **THE PRINCE**
   • **DISCOURSE ON VOLUNTARY SERVITUDE**
7. • **ON LIBERTY**
   • **VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN**
8. • **REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE**
   • **RIGHTS OF MAN**
9. • **LEVIATHAN***
10. • **THE FEDERALIST PAPERS***
11. • **THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO**
    • **THE SOCIAL CONTRACT**
12. • **DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA***

**One title in a two-tape set*

For telephone orders, call toll free
1-800-453-7000 Ext. 30

THE KNOWLEDGE YOU NEED IS NOW ON TAPE.



Order the Audio Classics Series at No Risk. Cancel with full refund within 30 days if not satisfied.

☐ Send me Common Sense and the Declaration of Independence. Bill my credit card $47.50 a month for four months ($190) for the entire Audio Classics Series.
☐ I want to save 10%. Send me the first tapes and bill my credit card for the advance price of $170 for the entire Audio Classics Series.
☐ To save 10%, my check for $170 is enclosed.
☐ Please send your brochure.
☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ American Express

Acct. #_____

Expires on _____

Signature_____

Name _____
Please print clearly

Address _____

_____

State, Zip_____

Phone number _____

KNOWLEDGE PRODUCTS

120 Tremont Street, Boston, MA 02108

© Knowledge Products 1985

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ASIANS AND JEWS

COMPARING the social success of Asian-Americans with that of the Jews is irresistible. Jews and Asians rank number one and number two, respectively, in median family income. In the Ivy League they are the two groups most heavily "over-represented" in comparison to their shares of the population. And observers are quick to point out all sorts of cultural parallels. As Arthur Rosen, the chairman of (appropriately) the National Committee on United States-China Relations, recently told *The New York Times*, "There are the same kind of strong family ties and the same sacrificial drive on the part of immigrant parents who couldn't get a college education to see that their children do."

In historical terms, the parallels can often be striking. For example, when Russian and Polish Jews came to this country in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, 60 percent of those who went into industry worked in the garment trade. Today thousands of Chinese-American women fill sweatshops in New York City doing the same work of stitching and sewing. In Los Angeles, when the Jews began to arrive in large numbers in the 1880s, 43 percent of them became retail or wholesale proprietors, according to Ivan Light's essay in *Clamor at the Gates*. One hundred years later, 40 percent of Koreans in Los Angeles are also wholesale and retail proprietors. The current controversy over Asian-American admissions in Ivy League colleges eerily recalls the Jews' struggle to end quotas in the 1940s and 1950s.

In cultural terms, however, it is easy to take the comparison too far. American Jews remain a relatively homogeneous group, with a common religion and history. Asian-Americans, especially after the post-1965 flood of immigrants, are exactly the opposite. They seem homogeneous largely because they share some racial characteristics. And even those vary widely. The label "Chinese-American" itself covers a range of cultural and linguistic differences that makes those between German and East European Jews, or between Reform and Orthodox Jews, seem trivial in comparison.

The most important parallels between Jews and the various Asian groups are not cultural. They lie rather in the sociological profile of Jewish and Asian immigration. The Jewish newcomers of a hundred years ago never completely fit into the category of "huddled masses." They had an astonishing high literacy rate (nearly 100 percent for German Jews, and over 50 percent for East European Jews), a long tradition of scholarship even in the smallest shtetls, and useful skills. More than two-thirds of male Jewish immigrants were considered skilled workers in America. Less than three percent of Jewish immigrants had worked on the land. Similarly, the Japanese, Korean, Filipino, and Vietnamese immigrants of the 20th century have come almost exclusively from the middle class. Seventy percent of Korean male immigrants, for example, are college graduates. Like middle-class native-born Americans, Asian and Jewish immigrants alike have fully understood the importance of the universities, and have pushed their children to enter them from the very start.

Thomas Sowell offers another parallel between the successes of Asians and Jews. Both communities have benefited paradoxically, he argues, from their small size and from past discrimination against them. These disadvantages long kept both groups out of politics. And, as Sowell writes in *Race and Economics*: "those American ethnic groups that have succeeded best politically have not usually been the same as those who succeeded best economically . . . those minorities that have pinned their greatest hopes on political action—the Irish and the Negroes, for example—have made some of the slower economic advances." Rather than searching for a solution to their problems through the political process, Jewish, Chinese, and Japanese immigrants developed self-sufficiency by relying on community organizations. The combination of their skills, their desire for education, and the gradual disappearance of discrimination led inexorably to economic success.

D.A.B.

suffer greatly from discrimination. Their median family income, according to the 1980 census, was $22,713, compared to only $19,917 for whites. True, Asians live almost exclusively in urban areas (where incomes are higher), and generally have more people working in each family. They are also better educated than whites. Irene Natividad, a Filipino-American active in the Democratic Party's Asian Caucus, states bluntly that "we are underpaid for the high level of education we have achieved." However, because of language difficulties and differing professional standards in the United States, many new Asian immigrants initially work in jobs for which they are greatly overqualified.

Ironically, charges of discrimination today arise most frequently in the universities, the setting generally cited as the best evidence of Asian-American achievement. For several years Asian student associations at Ivy League universities have cited figures showing that a smaller percentage of Asian-American students than others are accepted. At Harvard this year, 12.5 percent of Asian-American applicants were admitted, as opposed to 16 percent of all applicants; at Princeton, the figures were 14 to 17 percent. Recently a Princeton professor, Uwe Reinhardt, told a *New York Times* reporter that Princeton has an unofficial quota for Asian-American applicants.

The question of university discrimination is a subtle one. For one thing, it only arises at the most prestigious schools, where admissions are the most subjective. At universities like UCLA, where applicants are judged largely by their grades and SAT scores, Asian-Americans have a higher admission rate than other students (80 percent versus 70 percent for all applicants). And at schools that emphasize science, like MIT, the general excellence of Asian-Americans in the field also produces a higher admission rate.

Why are things different at the Ivy League schools? One

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reason, according to a recent study done at Princeton, is that very few Asian-Americans are alumni children. The children of alumni are accepted at a rate of about 50 percent, and so raise the overall admissions figure. Athletes have a better chance of admission as well, and few Asian-Americans play varsity sports. These arguments, however, leave out another admissions factor: affirmative action. The fact is that if alumni children have a special advantage, at least some Asians do too, because of their race. At Harvard, for instance, partly in response to complaints from the Asian student organization, the admissions office in the late 1970s began to recruit vigorously among two categories of Asian-Americans: the poor, often living in Chinatowns; and recent immigrants. Today, according to the dean of admissions, L. Fred Jewett, roughly a third of Harvard's Asian-American applicants come from these groups, and are included in the university's "affirmative action" efforts. Like black students, who have a 27 percent admission rate, they find it easier to get in. And this means that the *other* Asian-Americans, the ones with no language problem or economic disadvantage, find things correspondingly tougher. Harvard has no statistics on the two groups. But if we assume the first group has an admissions rate of only 20 percent (very low for affirmative action candidates), the second one still slips down to slightly less than nine percent, or roughly half the overall admissions rate.

Dean Jewett offers two explanations for this phenomenon. First, he says, "family pressure makes more marginal students apply." In other words, many Asian students apply regardless of their qualifications, because of the university's prestige. And second, "a terribly high proportion of the Asian students are heading toward the sciences." In the interests of diversity, then, more of them must be left out.

IT IS TRUE that more Asian-Americans go into the sciences. In Harvard's class of 1985, 57 percent of them did (as opposed to 29 percent of all students) and 71 percent went into either the sciences or economics. It is also true that a great many of Harvard's Asian-American applicants have little on their records except scientific excellence. But there are good reasons for this. In the sciences, complete mastery of English is less important than in other fields, an important fact for immigrants and children of immigrants. And scientific careers allow Asian-Americans to avoid the sort of large, hierarchical organization where their unfamiliarity with America, and management's resistance to putting them into highly visible positions, could hinder their advancement. And so the admissions problem comes down to a problem of clashing cultural standards. Since the values of Asian-American applicants differ from the universities' own, many of those applicants appear narrowly focused and dull. As Linda Matthews, an alumni recruiter for Harvard in Los Angeles, says with regret, "We hold them to the standards of white suburban kids. We want them to be cheerleaders and class presidents and all the rest."

The universities, however, consider their idea of the academic community to be liberal and sound. They are understandably hesitant to change it because of a demographic shift in the admissions pool. So how can they resolve this difficult problem? It is hard to say, except to suggest humility, and to recall that this sort of thing has come up before. At Harvard, the admissions office might do well to remember a memorandum Walter Lippmann prepared for the university in 1922. "I am fully prepared to accept the judgment of the Harvard authorities that a concentration of Jews in excess of fifteen per cent will produce a segregation of cultures rather than a fusion," wrote Lippmann, himself a Jew and a Harvard graduate. "They hand on unconsciously and uncritically from one generation to another many distressing personal and social habits. . . ."

THE DEBATE over admissions is abstruse. But for Asian-Americans, it has become an extremely sensitive issue. The universities, after all, represent their route to complete integration in American society, and to an equal chance at the advantages that enticed them and their parents to immigrate in the first place. At the same time, discrimination, even very slight discrimination, recalls the bitter prejudice and discrimination that Asian-Americans suffered for their first hundred years in this country.

Few white Americans today realize just how pervasive legal anti-Asian discrimination was before 1945. The tens of thousands of Chinese laborers who arrived in California in the 1850s and 1860s to work in the goldfields and build the Central Pacific Railroad often lived in virtual slavery (the words ku-li, now part of the English language, mean "bitter labor"). Far from having the chance to organize, they were seized on as scapegoats by labor unions, particularly Samuel Gompers's AFL, and often ended up working as strikebreakers instead, thus inviting violent attacks. In 1870 Congress barred Asian immigrants from citizenship, and in 1882 it passed the Chinese Exclusion Act, which summarily prohibited more Chinese from entering the country. Since it did this at a time when 100,600 male Chinese-Americans had the company of only 4,800 females, it effectively sentenced the Chinese community to rapid decline. From 1854 to 1874, California had in effect a law preventing Asian-Americans from testifying in court, leaving them without the protection of the law.

Little changed in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, as large numbers of Japanese and smaller contingents from Korea and the Philippines began to arrive on the West Coast. In 1906 San Francisco made a brief attempt to segregate its school system. In 1910 a California law went so far as to prohibit marriage between Caucasians and "Mongolians," in flagrant defiance of the Fourteenth Amendment. Two Alien Land Acts in 1913 and 1920 prevented noncitizens in California (in other words, all alien immigrants) from owning or leasing land. These laws, and the Chinese Exclusion Act, remained in effect until the 1940s. And of course during the Second World War, President Franklin Roosevelt signed an Executive Order send-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing 110,000 ethnic Japanese on the West Coast, 64 percent of whom were American citizens, to internment camps. Estimates of the monetary damage to the Japanese-American community from this action range as high as $400,000,000, and Japanese-American political activists have made reparations one of their most important goals. Only in Hawaii, where Japanese-Americans already outnumbered whites 61,000 to 29,000 at the turn of the century, was discrimination relatively less important. (Indeed, 157,000 Japanese-Americans in Hawaii at the start of the war were *not* interned, although they posed a greater possible threat to the war effort than their cousins in California.)

IN LIGHT of this history, the current problems of the Asian-American community seem relatively minor, and its success appears even more remarkable. Social scientists wonder just how this success was possible, and how Asian-Americans have managed to avoid the "second-class citizenship" that has trapped so many blacks and Hispanics. There is no single answer, but all the various explanations of the Asian-Americans' success do tend to fall into one category: self-sufficiency.

The first element of this self-sufficiency is family. Conservative sociologist Thomas Sowell writes that "strong, stable families have been characteristic of . . . successful minorities," and calls Chinese-Americans and Japanese-Americans the most stable he has encountered. This quality contributes to success in at least three ways. First and most obviously, it provides a secure environment for children. Second, it pushes those children to do better than their parents. As former Ohio state demographer William Petersen, author of *Japanese-Americans* (1971), says, "They're like the Jews in that they have the whole family and the whole community pushing them to make the best of themselves." And finally, it is a significant financial advantage. Traditionally, Asian-Americans have headed into family businesses, with all the family members pitching in long hours to make them a success. For the Chinese, it was restaurants and laundries (as late as 1940, half of the Chinese-American labor force worked in one or the other), for the Japanese, groceries and truck farming, and for the Koreans, groceries. Today the proportion of Koreans working without pay in family businesses is nearly three times as high as any other group. A recent *New York* magazine profile of one typical Korean grocery in New York showed that several of the family members running it consistently worked 15 to 18 hours a day. Thomas Sowell points out that in 1970, although Chinese median family income already exceeded white median family income by a third, their median personal income was only ten percent higher, indicating much greater participation per family.

Also contributing to Asian-American self-sufficiency are powerful community organizations. From the beginning of Chinese-American settlement in California, clan organizations, mutual aid societies, and rotating credit associations gave many Japanese-Americans a start in business, at a time when most banks would only lend to whites. Throughout the first half of this century, the strength of community organizations was an important reason why Asian-Americans tended to live in small, closed communities rather than spreading out among the general population. And during the Depression years, they proved vital. In the early 1930s, when nine percent of the population of New York City subsisted on public relief, only one percent of Chinese-Americans did so. The community structure has also helped keep Asian-American crime rates the lowest in the nation, despite recently increasing gang violence among new Chinese and Vietnamese immigrants. According to the 1980 census, the proportion of Asian-Americans in prison is one-fourth that of the general population.

The more recent immigrants have also developed close communities. In the Washington, D.C., suburb of Arlington, Virginia, there is now a "Little Saigon." Koreans also take advantage of the "ethnic resources" provided by a small community. As Ivan Light writes in an essay in Nathan Glazer's new book, *Clamor at the Gates*, "They help one another with business skills, information, and purchase of ethnic commodities; cluster in particular industries; combine easily in restraint of trade; or utilize rotating credit associations." Light cites a study showing that 34 percent of Korean grocery store owners in Chicago had received financial help from within the Korean community. The immigrants in these communities are self-sufficient in another way as well. Unlike the immigrants of the 19th century, most new Asian-Americans come to the United States with professional skills. Or they come to obtain those skills, and then stay on. Of 16,000 Taiwanese who came to the U.S. as students in the 1960s, only three percent returned to Taiwan.

SO WHAT does the future hold for Asian-Americans? With the removal of most discrimination, and with the massive Asian-American influx in the universities, the importance of tightly knit communities is sure to wane. Indeed, among the older Asian-American groups it already has: since the war, fewer and fewer native-born Chinese-Americans have come to live in Chinatowns. But will complete assimilation follow? One study, at least, seems to indicate that it will, if one can look to the well-established Japanese-Americans for hints as to the future of other Asian groups. According to Professor Harry Kitano of UCLA, 63 percent of Japanese now intermarry.

But can all Asian-Americans follow the prosperous, assimilationist Japanese example? For some, it may not be easy. Hmong tribesmen, for instance, arrived in the United States with little money, few valuable skills, and extreme cultural disorientation. After five years here, they are still heavily dependent on welfare. (When the state of Oregon cut its assistance to refugees, 90 percent of the Hmong there moved to California.) Filipinos, although now the second-largest Asian-American group, make up less than ten percent of the Asian-American population at Harvard, and are the only Asian-Americans to benefit from affirmative action programs at the University of Cali-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fornia. Do figures like these point to the emergence of a disadvantaged Asian-American underclass? It is still too early to tell, but the question is not receiving much attention either. As Nathan Glazer says of Asian-Americans, "When they're already above average, it's very hard to pay much attention to those who fall below." Ross Harano, a Chicago businessman active in the Democratic Party's Asian Caucus, argues that the label of "model minority" earned by the most conspicuous Asian-Americans hurts less successful groups. "We need money to help people who can't assimilate as fast as the superstars," he says.

Harano also points out that the stragglers find little help in traditional minority politics. "When blacks talk about a minority agenda, they don't include us," he says. "Most Asians are viewed by blacks as whites." Indeed, in cities with large numbers of Asians and blacks, relations between the communities are tense. In September 1984, for example, *The Los Angeles Sentinel*, a prominent black newspaper, ran a four-part series condemning Koreans for their "takeover" of black businesses, provoking a strong reaction from Asian-American groups. In Harlem some blacks have organized a boycott of Asian-American stores.

Another barrier to complete integration lies in the tendency of many Asian-American students to crowd into a small number of careers, mainly in the sciences. Professor Ronn Takaki of Berkeley is a strong critic of this "maldistribution," and says that universities should make efforts to correct it. The extent of these efforts, he told *The Boston Globe* last December, "will determine whether we have our poets, sociologists, historians, and journalists. If we are all tracked into becoming computer technicians and scientists, this need will not be fulfilled."

Yet it is not clear that the "maldistribution" problem will extend to the next generation. The children of the current immigrants will not share their parents' language difficulties. Nor will they worry as much about joining large institutions where subtle racism might once have barred them from advancement. William Petersen argues, "As the discrimination disappears, as it mostly has already, the self-selection will disappear as well. . . . There's nothing in Chinese or Japanese culture pushing them toward these fields." Professor Kitano of UCLA is not so sure. "The submerging of the individual to the group is another basic Japanese tradition," he wrote in an article for *The Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups*. It is a tradition that causes problems for Japanese-Americans who wish to avoid current career patterns: "It may only be a matter of time before some break out of these middleman jobs, but the structural and cultural restraints may prove difficult to overcome."

IN SHORT, Asian-Americans face undeniable problems of integration. Still, it takes a very narrow mind not to realize that these problems are the envy of every other American racial minority, and of a good number of white ethnic groups as well. Like the Jews, who experienced a similar pattern of discrimination and quotas, and who first crowded into a small range of professions, Asian-Americans have shown an ability to overcome large obstacles in spectacular fashion. In particular, they have done so by taking full advantage of America's greatest civic resource, its schools and universities, just as the Jews did 50 years ago. Now they seem poised to burst out upon American society.

THE CLEAREST indication of this course is in politics, a sphere that Asian-Americans traditionally avoided. Now this is changing. And importantly, it is *not* changing just because Asian-Americans want government to solve their particular problems. Yes, there are "Asian" issues: the loosening of immigration restrictions, reparations for the wartime internment, equal opportunity for the Asian disadvantaged. Asian-American Democrats are at present incensed over the way the Democratic National Committee has stripped their caucus of "official" status. But even the most vehement activists on these points still insist that the most important thing for Asian-Americans is not any particular combination of issues, but simply "being part of the process." Unlike blacks or Hispanics, Asian-American politicians have the luxury of not having to devote the bulk of their time to an "Asian-American agenda," and thus escape becoming prisoners of such an agenda. Who thinks of Senator Daniel Inouye or former senator S. I. Hayakawa primarily in terms of his race? In June a young Chinese-American named Michael Woo won a seat on the Los Angeles City Council, running in a district that is only five percent Asian. According to *The Washington Post*, he attributed his victory to his "links to his fellow young American professionals." This is not typical minority-group politics.

Since Asian-Americans have the luxury of not having to behave like other minority groups, it seems only a matter of time before they, like the Jews, lose their "minority" status altogether, both legally and in the public's perception. And when this occurs, Asian-Americans will have to face the danger not of discrimination but of losing their cultural identity. It is a problem that every immigrant group must eventually come to terms with.

For Americans in general, however, the success of Asian-Americans poses no problems at all. On the contrary, their triumph has done nothing but enrich the United States. Asian-Americans improve every field they enter, for the simple reason that in a free society, a group succeeds by doing something better than it had been done before: Korean grocery stores provide fresher vegetables; Filipino doctors provide better rural health care; Asian science students raise the quality of science in the universities, and go on to provide better medicine, engineering, computer technology, and so on. And by a peculiarly American miracle, the Asian-Americans' success has not been balanced by anyone else's failure. Indeed, as successive waves of immigrants have shown, each new ethnic and racial group adds far more to American society than it takes away. This Fourth of July, that is cause for hope and celebration. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Poor Richard's Almanack, and Others

Secret Honor
(Cinecom International)

Cocoon
(20th Century-Fox)

Little would give me more pleasure than to praise a bitter satire on Richard Nixon because little infuriates me more than his latter-day progress in repainting his image. With books on foreign policy, with neatly arranged interviews, with private dinners for journalists, he is preparing his balanced obituaries in advance. ("Yes, there was Watergate, but let's not forget the SALT talks and the visit to China.") Other miscreants have had to wait for posthumous revisionist historians: Nixon is managing revision for himself. For a president who was forced to resign because of three articles of impeachment and who needed a pardon from his handpicked successor to preclude the possibility of prison, a balance sheet seems out of the question. Recent comment on the alleged espionage of the Walker family attributes it to the ethical weakening of this country, and Watergate is cited as one cause. I take this to be true, and to be more important than the trip to China.

So I wish that *Secret Honor* were good. It would be especially useful for a nation that can't remember back a dozen years. But Robert Altman's film is in most ways mere freehand cartooning, inferior to several satirical shows that I saw during the Watergate days. This script, based on a play by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone that Altman staged in California, is a lurid fantasy that not only misses the mark, it has a paradoxical countereffect.

The one set is Nixon's luxurious library. He enters, takes out a pistol that (we are shown) is loaded, puts it on his big desk, then prepares to dictate a presumably final statement. This statement—some 90 minutes—is the film, but immediately matters go off the rails because of hokey troubles with the tape recorder that are stale laff-getters. The third word of the script is an obscenity, and obscenity is thick throughout, except when Nixon speaks of his mother, Quakers, and his brothers who died of TB. As he wanders around the room, he pours venom on almost everyone else he mentions in his rambling dictation, including scorching stuff about Kissinger and Eisenhower, whose portraits are among the greats on the paneled walls. Obviously he doesn't end with suicide. And out of all this rancid, stuttering mess, one idea emerges.

Nixon, says Nixon, was the tool of the Committee of a Hundred—financial giants—guided by Murray Chotiner. They had arranged his two elections and were going to find ways for a third term. In return he went to China to open Asian markets for them. He was also supposed to keep the Vietnam War going until 1976 because much of the U.S. aid pouring into Saigon was being returned through banks in Korea and Taiwan as gravy for the richies—loot that reached here as contributions to CREEP, the Committee to Re-elect the President. (Some of this Vietnam-aid kickback theory was advanced several years ago in a much-discussed magazine article.) Nixon couldn't personally escape the tycoons or thwart their designs on the U.S. except by getting himself thrown out of office: by deliberately devising Watergate and its exposure, deliberately having his conversations taped and discovered, by having himself forced to resign. It was his way of saving himself from the control of these bad men and wresting the U.S. from their grip. So this film, for all its childish lampooning, ultimately asks us to respect Nixon, the seeming malefactor, for his secret honor.

Some satire.

Philip Baker Hall plays the solo part (which he did on stage, I think) with animal energy, with a fine sense of broken phrase and throwaway line. Often weak actors are carried by good roles. Here's an actor who could have used a better-written role—one that, among other things, took into account the passing of a dozen years and the fact that Watergate has had an effect.

Altman does pretty well at keeping his confined film visually alive. Nixon's library—I don't know whether this is Altman's idea or the authors'—has a number of TV monitors in it, and a TV camera is seen. Much of the time we watch Nixon in black-and-white on small screens while also watching him "live" in color. The idea has often been used in "performance art" in the theater; but here it seems especially apt because it implies a media-wrapped life.

Cocoon comes from a novel by David Saperstein that, for all I know or ever hope to know, actually contains the basic gimmick of the film. At a Florida marina Brian Dennehy and two assistants charter a fishing boat for some weeks, go out daily and dive, and daily bring back a few big rocks. They transport these rocks to the swimming pool of a mansion they have rented nearby, storing the rocks in water until they have finished whatever it is they're doing. Next to the mansion is a residence for retired persons. Three of the old men have regularly been trespassing to

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Almost You. Almost you if you're under 30, that is. Yuppies nearing the end of youth. Smart, sharp, sexy. (Reviewed 6/3/85)

The Home and the World. East Bengal, 1907. Satyajit Ray's film of Tagore's novel about change, centering on a domestic crisis. Not greatly moving, but empathic and enlightening. (7/8/85)

The Shooting Party. Patly symbolic story, set in England 1913, about approaching world catastrophe, exquisitely acted and made. (6/17/85)

What Have I Done to Deserve This? Madrid today. This black comedy ought to have been blacker, still it cuts and slashes. (5/20/85)

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

swim in the deserted pool. It's still deserted during the day. The old men see the first couple of rocks one day, but they swim anyway. The water is warmer, and the old men come out restored to several kinds of vigor. Word spreads, and other old folks come to this new fountain of youth as every day the number of rocks increases.

To make a too-long story short, Dennehy and pals are creatures from outer space wearing fabricated human guise. (The young charter-boat captain makes love to Dennehy's young female assistant even after he knows that she's rubberoid.) The rocks are cocoons in which Dennehy's fellow creatures wrapped themselves when they were abandoned on an earth expedition ten thousand years ago; their friends have come to take them home (keeping them water-soaked meanwhile). At the end most of the neighboring old folks, desperate for rejuvenation and eternal life on the distant planet, are permitted aboard the spacecraft that comes to carry Dennehy, pals, and cocoons away. All just manage to escape the pursuing police who want to return the errant old folks to "sanity" and mortality.

I comment on this silly film for three reasons. (1) The exceptional strain for novelty even at a time when such strain is common. (2) The extraordinary arrival of a story about old folks when there are six films a week about teenagers. (3) The ending. It has some relation to the end of *Miracle in Milan* (1951), in which the harassed poor folk escape from police wagons, climb onto street cleaners' brooms, and sail into the sky. But the De Sica-Zavattini film moves organically to this wish-fulfillment.

One of the leading roles is played by Don Ameche, who invented the telephone in 1939. At least he still sounds good. His most taking crony is played by Wilford Brimley, who, like Richard Farnsworth, is becoming what Walter Brennan and Edgar Buchanan were in the old days—a reliably lovable old codger.

The June 5 issue of *Variety* had a full-page ad for *Rambo* that included an enlargement of a telegram from Beirut dated May 27. I repeat: Beirut, May 27, 1985. It was sent by the Lebanese distributor to the film's producers, and it said in part:

> I wish to inform you that film has opened Saturday 18 May. In the worst period of the 10 year events of Lebanon and in the worst period of the year as we are now in the dead season. . . . The first 2 days net box office receipts is Leb. pds. 74,034.72. This is a figure never attained before by any film in the history of cinema in Lebanon. Never a film has appealed to the audience as this and never a film was applauded during screening with this intensity. Many of the spectators at the end of the show go out and buy a ticket to see it a second time and there are some who has [sic] seen it in one day 3 times. . . . This is definitely going to be the highest grossing film in the history of Lebanon.

Surely I'm not the only one who thinks that this telegram deals with more than an event in Lebanese film history. Considering the time and place and response, it includes part of the history—and fate—of the human race.

EDWARD ROTHSTEIN ON MUSIC

Upper West Side Story

Despite his commercial and popular success on Broadway and in the concert hall, George Gershwin was forever seeking to improve his musical status and technique. He even asked for composition lessons from Arnold Schönberg, the severe modernist in exile and Gershwin's sometime tennis partner in Hollywood. The Viennese-born composer is supposed to have graciously declined the request. "I would only turn you into a bad Schönberg," he said. "And you're such a good Gershwin already."

Alas, not everyone has received such good advice. Consider the case of the Broadway musical *West Side Story* of 1957, which ran nearly a thousand nights on that once-thriving boulevard, and is now being led, in full regalia, into the realm of high art—just like some latter-day Gershwin being granted the mantle of genius from the king of the 12-tone series. This updated Romeo and Juliet saga, with its finger-snapping Jets and Sharks fighting over the territory now known as the Upper West Side in New York, has just been released in a new recording. The recording is not simply meant as a supplement to the rather scintillating and unassuming "original cast" recordings from Broadway (CBS 32603) and the 1961 Oscar-winning movie (CBS 2070). It is meant to replace them, to serve as a kind of diploma—certification of a course completed with honors: the American Broadway musical becomes opera.

And on the face of it, the credentials are impressive. Leonard Bernstein is conducting his music for the first time. It is presented in a glossy, operatically styled Deutsche Grammophon package (DG 415 253-1). The singers are not relative unknowns or minor figures cast for their youthful appearance and brazen style (like Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, and most members of the earlier casts). They are taken from the rosters of the world's opera houses. Here is Kiri Te Kanawa singing Maria, José Carreras singing Tony, assisted by Tatiana Troyanos, Kurt Ollmann, and Marilyn Horne. There is a booklet with commentary and history in English, German, French, and Italian, and the requisite operatic-style libretto with translations—the German even having primary position ("*Bleib kühl*, boy"). It is also being released on compact disk, accompanied by a marketing campaign that included a program on PBS showing the taping of the sessions, as if documenting a historic moment in American music. ("It was like having Mozart with you," said Miss Te Kanawa at the sessions. "You were getting it from the master himself.") With all this prestige and publicity added on to an originally popular work, the result has been astonishing, if not unpredictable. The new operatic recording of *West Side Story* has become the number one "classical" best seller in the country.

Moreover, the marketing of the musical as an opera is not incidental or accidental. The essay by David Patrick Stearns in the notes states that "the fine line between opera and Broadway has rarely before been so blurred" as it is now. In fact, it is blurring into nonexistence, not only for Mr. Stearns but for the National Endowment for the Arts, which is treating musical theater with as much seriousness as opera, and for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the New York City Opera, which has been specializing in erasing the boundaries between the musical and the opera. *West Side Story*'s librettist, Stephen Sondheim, has crossed that line with notable ease, his *Sweeney Todd* appearing at the City Opera fast on the heels of its Broadway run. The blurring of distinctions serves a useful purpose, providing a facile explanation for the miserable failure of serious contemporary opera to find an audience or create a repertory. It also offers an occasion for opera impresarios to tap the large Broadway audience. Mr. Stearns writes: "Those who have been waiting for the great American opera may have missed several because of looking in the wrong place"—looking, that is, to serious composers like Roger Sessions rather than to Broadway's Rodgers and Hammerstein. So now that musical theater is considered a "durable artistic statement," he writes, "a recording of *West Side Story* cast with opera stars is perhaps less an anomaly than an inevitability."

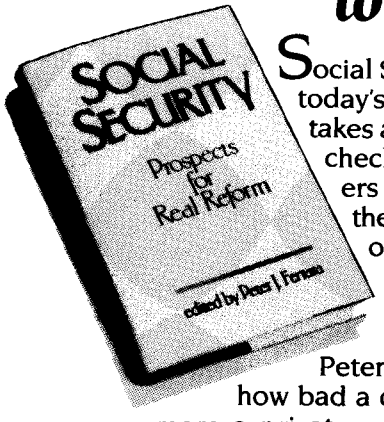
The inevitable, however, is also mighty peculiar. Consider, for example, Tony—the American founder of the Jets and the romantic lead, who falls in love with the sister of his Puerto Rican opponent. The first choice for casting this part, so intent were all involved on operatic stature, was the tenor with the preeminent reputation of our time, Placido Domingo. No matter that Domingo's Spanish accent might make this Jet sound like he just stepped off the boat singing "I like to be in America!" thus blurring all the plot's cultural distinctions. And no matter, too, that instead of Domingo, José Carreras was chosen, whose Spanish accent is if anything still more extreme. Dramatic credibility was sacrificed, even contradicted, for the sake of operatic status. Meanwhile, the Puerto Rican lead of Maria is sung by Miss Te Kanawa with an imitation Spanish accent that disrupts the musical accents, not just the linguistic ones. These compromises were conscious sacrifices for a higher cause. The spoken dialogue between Tony and Maria—in which accents would have been less hidden—is dubbed by Leonard Bernstein's own children, his son sounding like an appropriately American Tony and his daughter managing a Spanish accent with more aplomb than the soprano star.

Mr. Carreras, in fact, lets nothing come through his singing other than the fact of his studied singing—a phenomenon that to a great extent haunts all participants. Here there are no characters, only singers, turning all melodic twists into solemn gestures of artistic intent. Everything becomes lugubrious, "profound"—even Miss Te Kanawa's considered performance of the once innocently and adolescently exuberant "I Feel Pretty." Marilyn Horne, a "guest star," treats "Somewhere" like a treacly presentation for her fans. Miss Troyanos occasionally overcomes the pretension, but there is always Mr. Bernstein's conducting to remind one of the scale of this effort. It is a digital percussion showcase, with attenuated gestures, spectacular accents, and attempts at Wagnerian suspension of time.

IT IS as if *West Side Story*, instead of taking place in a tenement near where Lincoln Center now stands, took place in the contemporary cultural palace, or at least nearby, where the once-prominent Sharks are now, metaphorically at least, in rivalry with the Yuppie harbingers of gentrification seen in the Columbus Avenue boutiques and trendy bare-brick restaurants. This recording, in fact, is a gentrified Upper West Side Story. The earliest Broadway cast recording may be inauthentic in its accents and musicality, erring in its all-American showmanship, but it is eminently spirited, conducted with spiky glee. The movie sound track is a step toward more solemn "polish," but it is still skittish, alive, and raucous, far different from the most recent aestheticized version of this young man's score.

Bernstein understood this all quite well at the time. Indeed, the only indication of some considered ambiguity in this operatic recording is in the "Excerpts from a 'West Side Story' Log" included in the program booklet. There Bernstein declares the specifically non-operatic goals of *West Side Story*. The particulars of the plot, he wrote in 1949, when Jerome Robbins first suggested the idea, are "much less important than the bigger idea of making a musical that tells a story in musical-comedy terms, using only musical-comedy techniques, never falling into the 'operatic' trap." On the occasion of the rehearsals in 1957, Bernstein concluded, "I guess we were right not to cast 'singers': anything that sounded more professional would inevitably sound more experienced, and then the 'kid' quality would be gone. A perfect example of a disadvantage turned into a virtue."

The Baby Boomers' Answer to Social Security?



Social Security is an increasingly bad deal for today's young workers. The payroll tax today takes a greater bite out of most workers' paychecks than the income tax, yet many workers will get less out of the system than they put into it. Polls show that 75 percent of young people don't trust Social Security to provide for their retirement, a fact reflected in the millions of new IRAs opened every year. In this book Peter Ferrara and other authors show just how bad a deal Social Security is and how much more a private retirement system could offer. Ferrara proposes a fundamental reform: a Super IRA that would guarantee today's elderly the benefits they are expecting, while giving young workers the option to choose a secure, private plan.

"The only realistic blueprint for dealing with the Social Security crisis." —Stephen Chapman, *Chicago Tribune*

$20.00/cloth, $8.95/paper, 220 pp.
Please enclose payment with your order.
Cato Institute, Dept. NR, 224 Second St., SE
Washington, DC 20003

CATO INSTITUTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here the virtue has its vengeance, and in fact reveals something about the achievement of *West Side Story* itself. There is no question that the music for this show is concentrated and coherent; musical motives are echoed, themes are transformed. But the purely musical parts of the score—the dance at the gym, the rumble, the scherzo—work best as ballet accompaniments, as in the still striking movie. The songs themselves—"Tonight," "Maria," "I Feel Pretty," "America," "One Hand, One Heart," "Somewhere"—are, with Stephen Sondheim's lyrics, among the best ever written for Broadway. But they are barely more than that, despite the occasional veneer of operatic style. They are designed to make simple melodic and dramatic points.

Aside from the finely written ensemble pieces, where juxtaposition of contrasts can be suggestive, at no time do any of these songs reveal anything profound about character or dramatic position, as in the greatest of operatic arias. "Maria" is, simply, a lovely love song, "I Feel Pretty," a song in the Lerner and Loewe tradition. This does make them effective dramatically in context, for it is in the spoken dialogue that the drama is located, not in the music. As for the dramatic status of the work as a whole: What great opera depends so strongly on a message, stated so clearly and so banally, as this one? Maria, for example, survives the end of the opera with enough energy to make a requisite, pious condemnation of hatred. The show is part of a genre of 1950s social message dramas, ranging from *On the Waterfront* to *Rebel Without a Cause*.

Of course, Broadway musicals grew out of the operatic tradition through the imported influence of Viennese operetta, and of course they define their own realm worthy of attention. But they served (the past tense is appropriate) a different audience and a different function than opera did, had different concerns and different techniques. Our peculiar musical climate, mixing commercial desperation with earnest celebration, has ensured that making such distinctions would seem at best elitist. But why should Broadway musical theater, fallen on moribund times, be resurrected as high American art? Why should the New York City Opera be devoting its energies to *The Song of Norway* or *Kismet*? Why should there be so much investment involved in making *West Side Story* seem upper crust? Why, finally, should the work sound like third-rate Verdi, when it really is first-rate Bernstein? It shouldn't.

The invention of Arkady Shevchenko, supermole.

THE SPY WHO CAME IN TO BE SOLD

BY EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN

ARKADY SHEVCHENKO, the undersecretary general who mysteriously defected from his post in the United Nations Secretariat some seven years ago, reemerged in February on CBS's *60 Minutes* in a new role: a Le Carréan supermole. While ostensibly working as a United Nations bureaucrat, he was, the report revealed, the CIA's most successful spy. "Nothing like it had ever before occurred," it was authoritatively reported. For the quality of his access to Soviet state secrets, he was compared to "Al Haig, when he was deputy to Henry Kissinger." The broadcast further disclosed that this espionage coup had been such an extraordinarily closely held secret that no more than five men—including the president of the United States—had known about it.

Edward Jay Epstein is the author of *Inquest: The Warren Commission and the Establishment of Truth* (Viking), *News from Nowhere* (Random House), and *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald* (Reader's Digest Press), among other books, and is completing a book on international deception.

Shevchenko was portrayed equally graphically the next morning on the cover of *Time* magazine, which featured a gaping man-size hole in the brick wall of the Kremlin. In the dramatic breach, below an exposed red hammer and sickle, the cover line read: "A Defector's Story: The highest-ranking Soviet diplomat to break with Moscow since World War II describes the Kremlin's inner workings." The special section inside was condensed from Shevchenko's book *Breaking With Moscow*, and imaginatively illustrated with artist's renderings of his espionage career.

Breaking with Moscow
by Arkady N. Shevchenko
(Knopf, 378 pp., $18.95)

It was, according to *Time*, "far more than a true-life spy story. . . ." *Time*'s executive editor described it as "windows on history." To further enhance its credibility, Strobe Talbott, *Time*'s Washington bureau chief, noted on the publisher's page: "Those of us working on the project thought it important to verify the bona fides of the author and, as far as it was possible, his story." The lead paragraph began dramatically with Shevchenko's disappearance from the U.N. on "Friday, April 6, 1978." (In fact, Friday that year fell on April 7.) With this bold send-off, the film rights were quickly sold for a half-million dollars, and the book itself rose to the top of the best-seller lists.

It was not always, however, such a success story. Originally Shevchenko's value as a source of reliable information was much more modestly appraised. In October 1978—after Shevchenko was filmed by NBC News in a Washington restaurant with a call girl named Judy Chavez, to whom he had paid most of the $60,000 that he received from the CIA as his annuity—*Time* reported that "the CIA has been relatively lax with Shevchenko because he has been far less valuable as an intelligence source than had been anticipated." The magazine concluded, based on its intelligence sources, that "he had little knowledge of the inner workings of current Soviet policies or intelligence operations."

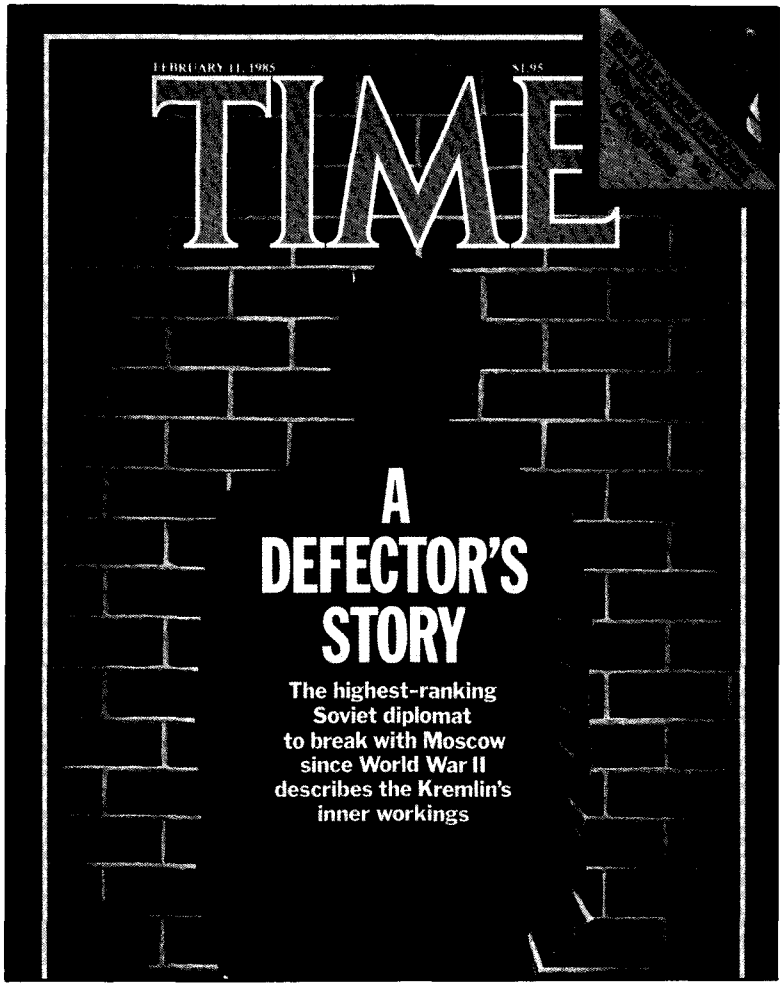
This assessment was shared in the in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

telligence community—at least in 1979. For example, analysts at the Defense Intelligence Agency, with full access to the "take" from what Shevchenko had told his FBI and CIA interrogators, concluded that the defector had nothing of value to offer American intelligence, aside from some dated biographical material. Book publishers, moreover, were similarly disappointed. In the summer of 1978 Simon and Schuster signed a $600,000 contract with Shevchenko, who was then represented by Morton Janklow, for a book tentatively titled *From Captivity into Freedom*. When the manuscript finally was submitted in 1979, Richard Snyder, the head of Simon and Schuster, and Michael Korda, the editor-in-chief, concluded that it did not contain sufficient new material about the Soviet Union to merit its publication. There were no revelatory firsthand conversations with Soviet leaders—and no mention of any espionage activities by him. In addition to rejecting the book, Simon and Schuster successfully sued Shevchenko for the $146,875 it had actually advanced him. Even with $600,000 at stake, however, he was not willing to claim he was a mole. When he was deposed by Simon and Schuster's lawyers in December 1980, he still steadfastly maintained that he had accurately described his defection in his chapter "Decision to Defect," which made no mention of any espionage activities on his part.

The book was sent next to the Reader's Digest Press. Steven Frimmer, the editor-in-chief, also concluded that it lacked both substance about the workings of the Soviet system and personal vignettes. Before rejecting it, however, Henry Hurt, the star investigative reporter of *Reader's Digest*, intensively interviewed Shevchenko for some 20 hours to ascertain whether Shevchenko could add, possibly with his collaboration, the sort of concrete and firsthand information that could make a publishable book. Hurt decided that Shevchenko's reminiscences were far too vague for a successful book. (Hurt, who was himself writing a book about Soviet spies, also pressed Shevchenko about espionage—without success.) At this point, in 1981, Shevchenko told a friend that he "gave up" with the book.

Some three years later, in 1984, Ashbel Green, a respected editor at Knopf, received a completed manuscript that had been forwarded by Shevchenko's lawyer, William Geimer. The book was no longer simply *From Captivity into Freedom*. It had all the elements of a spy thriller. It began with a new section, called "The Reluctant Spy," which described a whole new supermole career Shevchenko allegedly had before his defection, replete with cinematic car chases, CIA case officers in safe houses, meetings with the KGB *rezident*, spy equipment, and escapes from danger. It also had a new final chapter, appropriately titled "The End of the Game," describing his flight to freedom. Sandwiched between these new espionage sections were some of the original chapters—which now had dramatic verbatim conversations with Soviet leaders. Nikita Khrushchev, for example, was quoted at great length speaking privately to the author, then a 29-year-old junior aide in the Foreign Ministry, about such state matters as Castro, the rift with the Chinese Communists, and his orders to "get rid of" U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld "by any means." Such supplemental material guaranteed that *Breaking with Moscow* would be published. But where did the material come from?


TIME
A DEFECTOR'S STORY
The highest-ranking Soviet diplomat to break with Moscow since World War II describes the Kremlin's inner workings

REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF TIME INC. © 1985

As it turns out, much of the material about Shevchenko's espionage career has either been spun out of formulaic spy fiction or invented out of whole cloth. Consider, for example, the extended chase scene that begins the book. Ambassador Shevchenko is driving his car through the dense rush-hour traffic on the Long Island Expressway on a Friday night in late 1975. He had purposefully given his chauffeur the night off. His "carefully laid plans" involved driving 25 miles to the Glen Cove exit; then doubling back to New York City to meet a CIA officer in an East Side town house, a block from where he lived; then returning to the Soviet compound at Glen Cove, where he was spending the weekend.

Suddenly he spies in the rearview mirror a Buick sedan, which he suspects may be a KGB "surveillance car" following him. "I had to know if it was a tail," he writes. Therefore he speeds up to 75 miles an hour, weaving from lane to lane, and then, "barely braking," he swerves sharply onto the exit ramp for Glen Cove, where he is pulled over by a Nassau County policeman and given a traffic ticket. He decides "not to invoke diplomatic immunity" to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

avoid arousing further suspicion. Then he proceeds to his secret rendezvous, where he is offered the job of being a CIA mole. Finally, at midnight, he returns to the Soviet compound. (How he explained the missing five hours and the extra 50 miles on the car's odometer, especially if he indeed had evaded the "surveillance car," is itself not explained.)

THE PROBLEM with this exciting chase, despite all the cinematic detail, is that it never happened. According to police records, Shevchenko did not receive a ticket in 1975, when the incident was supposed to have occurred—or in any other year—on either a New York or an international driver's license. In fact, he did not even have a driving license at the time. He obtained it on October 20, 1977. (If he had an international license, it would have lapsed in 1974.) Nor did he have his own car. He was shuttled to Glen Cove and back, along with other officials, by limousines belonging to the Soviet Mission. Thus he could not have plausibly dismissed the chauffeur, driven the car on a wild chase, and received a ticket.

Shevchenko also describes a series of suspenseful clandestine meetings he had with Americans in the "otherwise empty" reference section of the U.N. library. He claims that there, in the best tradition of spy suspense, he exchanged messages in dead drops. The U.N. library, however, is not the sort of darkened, cloistered room featured in spy novels. On two sides the reference section is exposed by plate-glass windows to onlookers in the busy corridor and street. On a third side it is in the direct line of sight—and 20 feet away from—the head librarian, who, at the time of the alleged meetings, was not only a Soviet official, but, according to a CIA officer then at the U.N., presumed to be in the KGB. Under Secretary General Shevchenko's meetings in this particular library, aside from creating quite a stir (high-ranking officials are rarely seen doing research), would almost unavoidably have taken place under observation of his Soviet comrades.

The chronology of intrigue is also seriously flawed. Shevchenko dates his initial secret contact with the Americans to *after* his summer home leave in Russia in 1975. During these early meetings, he writes, John Scali was ambassador to the U.N.—and that he debated going directly to him. But this is an anachronism: Scali was replaced by Daniel Patrick Moynihan as U.N. ambassador at the end of June 1975.

Furthermore, Moynihan, when he was later vice chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee, and in a position to verify exact dates, wrote in *The New York Times* that he learned "on Friday December 5, 1975, . . . Shevchenko, Under Secretary General of the United Nations, had told an American in the Secretariat that he wished to defect." Immediately afterward, according to Moynihan, the first meeting was arranged. Shevchenko flatly states that after this initial contact, several weeks elapsed before he actually met with the CIA. This means that the Friday night car chase took place, at the earliest, on December 19th, and that his next meeting, in which he agreed to take the job of spying, could not have occurred before December 26th (when he was on Christmas vacation at the Hotel Carillon in Miami). In any case, he says he took another week deciding whether or not to accept the job. His spy career thus could not have begun before 1976. Yet the book details a wealth of espionage coups Shevchenko accomplished on behalf of the CIA *before* "the end of 1975." These anachronistic achievements include reports on the "Brezhnev-Kosygin frictions," "Soviet plans for . . . Angola," the "Soviet positions on arms-control negotiations—SALT and others—including fallback provisions contained in the instructions."

SHEVCHENKO'S spying career in 1976 is also demonstrably fictitious. For example, he tells of how he spied for the CIA that year on the head of the KGB in New York, Boris Aleksandrovich Solomatin—"a short, stocky major general, the *rezident*," as he describes him. Solomatin also merited a shadowy illustration in *Time*. In three pages, Shevchenko gives a verbatim account of a dinner party at Solomatin's New York apartment in 1976 in which the KGB *rezident* and his wife, Vera, met with him and Georgy Arbatov, the Soviet disinformation specialist. They discussed President Ford's chances of winning reelection, the status of the SALT talks, and the plight of the Soviet economy—all of which he relayed to his American case officers.

The problem with this "penetration," despite all the details Shevchenko gives in the book, is that it never happened. There could not have been such a meet-

"THE ORIGINAL Treasury tax plan was a Grecian temple of simplicity, a Parthenon of symmetry and nondistortion. To this austere edifice has now been added a little aluminum siding here for the charities, a built-on rec room there for the insurers, a few lawn flamingos for the oilmen. It's cozier, and more like the tax system we all grew up in."

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review write to Dept. R-11. 150 East 35th Street. New York, N.Y. 10016.

Call for any current book

● Amex, MasterCard, Visa or check. ● We ship immediately, anywhere in the world. ● Gift wrapping available. ● Mail orders welcome.

BOOK CALL™

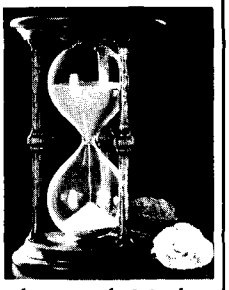
1-800-255-2665

In CT or Worldwide (203) 966-5470

59 Elm Street, New Canaan, CT 06840

A TRUE HOURGLASS

What more elegant way to observe the passing hour than this handmade timepiece? Each turn sets in motion a full sixty minutes of the sands of time. Designed especially for us by D.C. Story, our hourglass stands 9 inches high with a base diameter of 6 inches. The size may vary *slightly* to accommodate variations in the handblown glass, which is supported by bases and spindles of turned oak.



To order call toll-free 1-800-255-4949. In NY call 914-693-0031. Please have your credit card at hand.

CAHILL & COMPANY Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522

Please send me____ hourglass(es) at $70 ea. plus $5 for postage and insurance. (New York residents please add sales tax). Total Amount_____

☐ Check enclosed Charge my credit card:
☐M.C. ☐VISA ☐Am.Exp. ☐DinersClub Exp._____

Acct #_____

Signature_____

Name_____

Address_____

City, State, Zip_____

S75101 Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing because Solomatin returned to the Soviet Union on July 22, 1975, six months before Shevchenko began his alleged spying for the United States, and over a year before Arbatov would have come to the United States to appraise the presidential elections.

If Shevchenko fabricated the extensive conversations with Solomatin, Arbatov, and others, what is the provenance of the verbatim conversations he claims he had with Khrushchev on Castro, Nixon, Kennedy, de Gaulle, Mao, Hammarskjöld, and assorted Eastern European leaders? Although Shevchenko asserts in *Breaking with Moscow* that he had these intimate talks with the Soviet leader when he was a 29-year-old fellow passenger on the ocean liner *Baltika*, they were not in the chapter "With Khrushchev" in the manuscript he submitted to Simon and Schuster. Moreover, in his sworn deposition proceedings, with $600,000 at stake, he insisted that the submitted manuscript reflected all he had to say on the subject. He also denied through his lawyer that there were any additional journals, diaries, or notes. In an interview with Tom Mangold for the BBC in 1979, the only encounter with Khrushchev he could vividly recall was during a large party on the *Baltika*, in which he saw Khrushchev across the room. Nor, in 1980, was he able to provide *Reader's Digest*'s writer with any examples of specific meetings with Khrushchev. How then can he now render, a quarter of a century after the event, without the benefit of any notes, ten pages of verbatim dialogue? (Judy Chavez, the $35,000 escort he rented, furnished one clue to this mystery when she recalled in her book, *Defector's Mistress*, that he had consulted a heavily underlined copy of *Penthouse*, which had a story about the KGB assassinating Hammarskjöld, which in fact does remarkably parallel the account in *Breaking with Moscow*.)

FINALLY, after a series of fictional episodes, the spy's career is abruptly ended by a dramatic "cable of recall" to Moscow, which he receives on March 31, 1978. After ascertaining that there could be "no innocent reason for the summons," he concluded it was his "death sentence" from the KGB, which left him no choice but to defect the next week—even though it meant deserting his wife and daughter. Actually, the telegram he received was not a "recall" cable withdrawing him from his post. It was a request for him to return "for several days of consultations" related to the Special Session of the U.N. General Assembly on Disarmament, which Brezhnev himself was to attend, and to "other questions." Since Shevchenko had made other trips to Moscow that year, and frequently consulted with the Foreign Ministry about disarmament policy, especially where it concerned the U.N., this was not in itself an extraordinary message. Shevchenko claimed, however, that he knew that the plans for the Special Session were already set, and that there could be no other reasons for the requests. "What could be so pressing as to require a trip now?" Shevchenko asks rhetorically.

But there was one possible reason for the telegram on March 31 that Shevchenko omits to mention. It was announced the same day that Cyrus Vance, the secretary of state, had agreed to meet with Foreign Minister Gromyko in Moscow on April 20 to attempt to overcome the impasse in the SALT talks. Since Secretary of State Vance's mini-summit, which had not been planned, directly concerned the disarmament talks and the U.N. Session on Disarmament, Shevchenko could hardly be surprised that he was asked to consult about its ramifications on the U.N. Special Session, which he had been working on for some 18 months.

JUST as it begins with a fictitious chase, Shevchenko's espionage career ends with one. "I tiptoed to our bedroom door, took one last look at my sleeping wife . . . and then left the apartment." Arriving at the service elevator, he found that "it didn't run after midnight." Unable to use the elevators, he ran down the "twenty flights" of stairs, carrying his bag and briefcase, stumbling occasionally. At the bottom of the dark stairwell he scrambled through a narrow corridor, and then emerged through the service door directly onto 64th Street. (His escape route was dramatically illustrated by *Time*.) The CIA agents were waiting for him in a parked car, motor running.

In fact, the Phoenix, the modern 32-story building at 160 East 65th Street where he lived on the 26th floor, has an automatic service elevator that operates 24 hours a day—as well as a bank of four regular elevators. None of the elevators stops at midnight. Thus Shevchenko had no reason to stumble with his baggage down 26 flights of steps. Moreover, he could not have gone through the service door, since this door is sealed shut every night at 7:30 p.m.

There is also some question as to whether the woman in bed at whom he took a "last look" was his "sleeping wife." According to the doormen on duty at the Phoenix that night, his wife, Lina, had left earlier in the week with several suitcases, headed in a Soviet limousine to the compound in Glen Cove. Immediately after her departure, they recalled that Shevchenko moved a young "dishy brunette" into the apartment. He also gave them special instructions to let her enter even if he was not at home. She arrived that last night shortly before him, and they both were gone in the morning.

What is fabricated here are not just car chases, meetings, conversations, reports, dates, motives, and espionage activities, but a spy that never was. According to one former national security adviser to the president, who indisputably would have been at the top of the distribution list for such secret information, there could have been no such spy as Shevchenko purported to be without his knowing about it. He stated categorically that it would not have been possible for Shevchenko to have furnished such secrets as the Soviet backup positions on SALT without its coming to his attention. If so, this book dangerously distorts the entire substance of Soviet-American relations by misrepresenting that the United States had secret advantages it never had. The authoritative falsification of a sub-rosa world is especially damaging since the fictive elements cannot easily be tested or verified by ordinary means.

Although the supermole character in the book is wholly or partially invented, Shevchenko himself certainly was a substantial Soviet actor at the United Nations. But who was he? And what was his role in the spy game that was played out by the CIA, FBI, and KGB?

ALTHOUGH *Time* called Shevchenko "the highest-ranking Soviet diplomat to break with Moscow," he was not actually a Soviet diplomat at the time of his defection. He was a U.N. employee, one of 24 under secretary generals in the Secretariat. As an under secretary, he was the equivalent not of Alexander Haig but of William Buffum—the American under secretary general. (Both countries are allowed to nominate one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the under secretaries.) He also received virtually no public attention during his tenure, if *The New York Times* index, which does not mention his name a single time between his appointment in 1973 and his defection in 1978, is any measure.

Furthermore, he was not actually an ambassador. The title "ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of the Soviet Union," which had been given to him when he went on a propaganda tour of Third World nations in 1972, was strictly nominal. (In 1978, the four actual "ambassador extraordinaries" from the Soviet Union were Troyanovsky, Kharlamov, Makeyev, and Martynenko.) He was never in charge of an embassy or a diplomatic mission. Nor had he ever been a Soviet arms negotiator. He was, to be sure, a senior official. His specialty for two decades had been manipulating information for an elite Western audience. Both as a U.N. functionary and as a Foreign Ministry official, his principal job was putting the best face possible on Soviet arms control proposals, and disparaging American policy.

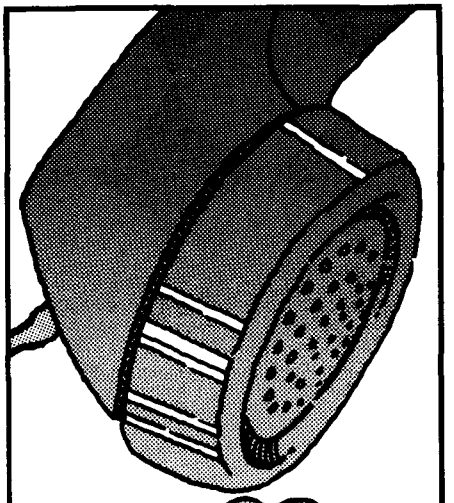
He had joined the Foreign Ministry in October 1956—after graduating from the Moscow Institute of International Relations in 1954, spending some time at Mosfilm as an aspiring director, then serving in the army as a political officer. In the late 1950s, during the reorganization of the Foreign Ministry, he was assigned to a new section that prepared documentation to support the propaganda offensive against Western strategic weapons. He was responsible for following the nuances of public American disarmament policy. In this capacity, he first came to New York in 1958 as an "attaché" to attend the U.N. Special Session on disarmament. Throughout most of the 1960s he continued working against the United States arms control delegation, both at the U.N. in New York and in Geneva.

BEGINNING in the early 1960s, however, he became involved with a more sinister aspect of manipulating information. He was co-opted by the KGB into surreptitiously preparing material for "the Soviet disinformation apparatus," as he called it in a remarkable interview, after secret testimony in 1980, with the American Bar Association's Standing Committee on Law and National Security. Despite repeated denials about cooperating with the KGB in *Breaking with Moscow*, in this recorded interview he explained how he knowingly prepared subtle disinformation material, intended to promote the impression that the Soviet Union was the "champion of disarmament," which was then disseminated in the West through paid agents. "The KGB asked me and Ambassador Lev Mendelevich to write the disinformation book, which we did," Shevchenko admitted in the interview. "Later, it was published in the West under someone else's name. . . . They found someone in the West with a proper reputation, for which he was paid."

ALONG with his covert assignments, Shevchenko also returned to Moscow to coauthor a three-volume compendium of public assertions on arms control, titled *The Struggle of the Soviet Union for Disarmament*, which effectively codified and updated the Soviet position. In recognition of this work and other material he churned out, he was awarded a doctorate degree from the Moscow Institute of International Relations in 1963. He then resumed his work in New York, attached to the Soviet Mission to the U.N., as the liaison between the Soviet under secretary at the Secretariat and Moscow.

After President Nixon adopted an entirely new stance on arms control in 1970, which stressed bilateral negotiations in the spirit of détente, Shevchenko was recalled to Moscow to assist in commensurately revising the Soviet public position on SALT. He worked at the Foreign Ministry, directly under Gromyko, serving as an adviser on these issues as well as a liaison with Georgy Arbatov's Institute of the United States and Canada, which accordingly had to adjust its covert propaganda to the new line. Arbatov paid a good portion of the salary for Shevchenko, who was given the title of "senior research fellow." (By 1973, under his own name and the pseudonym N. Arkadyev, he had penned some 200 political articles for such publications as *Kommunist*, *International Life*, *New Times*, and *Pravda*.)

In April 1973 Shevchenko returned to the United States to assume the position of under secretary general for political and security council affairs. He acted here no differently from all his Soviet predecessors in this under secretaryship. The principal work of this section of the Secretariat was to prepare position papers for the security



THE NEW REPUBLIC SUBSCRIBER SERVICE IS ONLY A PHONE CALL AWAY.

Do you have any questions about payments? Change of address? Delivery or other subscription problems?

Just pick up your phone and dial our toll-free hotline at

800-645-9559

(NY RESIDENTS CALL 800-732-9119)

Our operators are specially trained to provide you with quick, efficient subscription service.

(Call between 9:00 AM-5 PM, EST, Monday-Friday)

For most efficient service, please have a copy of your latest magazine handy. If you have a question concerning payment, please have a copy of your cancelled check in front of you so we can quickly resolve your problem over the phone.

Of course, we can still handle your business by mail if you prefer. Simply send us a copy of your address label from the front of your last magazine and your change of address or other correspondence to:

THE NEW REPUBLIC
PO Box 955
Farmingdale, NY 11737

Request for new subscriptions, renewals of current subscriptions and gift subscriptions should also be sent to the address above.

By phone or by mail, TNR Subscriber Service has never been easier.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

council and the secretary general on such subjects as disarmament and apartheid. According to those who worked under him, Shevchenko's concern was carefully to vet these papers so that they would be consistent with Moscow's position, and they assumed that important papers were sent to Moscow for careful editing. Ordinarily, according to his senior assistants, he began his day at the Soviet Mission at 67th Street, and then, around 11 a.m., arrived at his office on the 35th floor of the U.N.

This was not, however, Shevchenko's only mission in New York. Apparently he also had been instructed by Moscow to publish a book—this time under his own name, titled *Disarmament: The Soviet Point of View*. Working through an American U.N. employee (who himself became involved in a financial fraud), Shevchenko arranged a meeting in 1974, in the U.N. dining room, with Ashbel Green—the same Knopf editor who 11 years later published *Breaking with Moscow*. He explained, as Green recalls, that Foreign Minister Gromyko had personally approved the project. The contract was signed on February 5, 1975. The book itself, however, which came in chapter by chapter over the next year, was deemed unpublishable. Since this activity was authorized, Shevchenko presumably was filing reports on his contacts for the KGB, as he acknowledged was required.

IN December 1975, while he was still attempting to get out in book form the message about disarmament, he also, according to Moynihan, put out his feeler to the CIA by telling one of his American subordinates at the Secretariat that he wanted to defect. This message was presumably relayed to the FBI, which had primary jurisdiction for counterintelligence at the U.N.

Shevchenko was not, however, the only Soviet official at the U.N. then dangling the offer of information to American intelligence. For the past 13 years there had been a surfeit of such offers, which had deluged the FBI with disinformation. The problem for the FBI was separating potential "moles" from disinformation agents among these volunteers—a crucial difference that proceeded not from the accuracy of information they provided (since disinformation can be partly true and sincere information can be erroneous), but from whether or not they were filing reports back about their contacts to the KGB. Two Soviet officials at the U.N. who were providing information to the FBI in 1975 had come under particular suspicion. One, code-named "Fedora," was a KGB officer who had first made contact in 1962; the other, code-named "Top Hat," represented the GRU, or Soviet military intelligence. In return for the information they supplied on Soviet intelligence, the FBI furnished them American secrets, cleared by an interagency committee, so as to enhance their credibility with their nominal employers—the KGB and the GRU. By 1975, through a counterintelligence investigation of an inadvertent leak, the CIA had concluded that both Soviet diplomats had been disinformation agents under the control of the KGB—not the FBI. (The FBI eventually concurred with this assessment.) Moreover, it was assumed by CIA counterintelligence that most of the other danglers, who had supplied dovetailing tidbits and then returned to Russia, were probably part of the same "disinformation system."

SHEVCHENKO arrived on this subterranean scene at a time when the CIA was in disarray. Its entire counterintelligence staff, headed by James Jesus Angleton, had been purged earlier that year. Its director, William Colby, who had ordered the removal of Angleton, had just been fired himself (though he remained in office until December 31), and the Church Committee was relentlessly investigating past transgressions. Even so, Shevchenko's offer of cooperation would be considered by the CIA in the context of Fedora, Top Hat, and the myriad of other danglers. In assessing this new "walk-in," it would have to decide: Had he spontaneously made contact with the Americans in order to betray his country? Or was he, like the other dispatched danglers, a co-opted diplomat with a brief from the KGB who had been sent to confuse the ongoing investigation? And, in either case, was he worth risking further contacts, which might reveal personnel or countersurveillance techniques?

When, and if, these questions were resolved before his dramatic defection is not known. Nor is it clear what secret information he supplied prior to his defection—if he had indeed even continued the clandestine meetings. (The FBI had already pressed Fedora, Top Hat, et al. into identifying the snapshots of KGB and GRU officers working under U.N. cover in New York.)

After his defection Shevchenko was treated more like a free agent than a supermole under CIA control. For example, instead of keeping him in isolation, as was the case with other important spies who defected, Shevchenko was allowed to move into a Washington hotel and regularly hire call girls during the first month after he defected. He also was permitted to contact a literary agent in New York, Morton Janklow, and negotiate a book contract—an arrangement in which, according to his deposition, there was absolutely no CIA interference or restrictions. Yet if he had been working for the CIA for three years prior to his defection, the CIA would have had, if not a binding contract, considerable interest in protecting its source—and his methods. Nor, according to his financial statement divulged in these proceedings, did he receive any lump sum or back-pay settlement, which was made in other CIA mole cases. The only money he appears to have received from the government was a consulting fee of $60,000 a year for his post-defection debriefings (in which he compiled reportedly useful biographies on Soviet officials, which were circulated to other friendly intelligence services).

Aside from the espionage scenes in the book, which, as has been demonstrated, are purely fictional, there is no real evidence that whatever valuable information Shevchenko supplied came before rather than after his defection. If it did, it wasn't of significant enough importance to have been known to the two national security advisers who spanned most of his alleged career. Where, then, did the supermole image originate?

SHEVCHENKO did not himself concoct the mole story. Whatever his relations with the CIA were, until 1985 he claimed that he was restricted by "national security" considerations from publicly discussing any prior contacts he may have had with American intelligence officers. The story in its present authoritative form first appeared in 1983 in John Barron's book *The KGB Today: The Hidden Hand*. The story had been released to Barron, the well-connected Washington editor of *Reader's Digest*, by the CIA itself. In an arrangement it had used with him

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before, the CIA dispatched a defector, who was working under contract to the CIA, to hand-deliver to him certain particulars about the Shevchenko case. In such exchanges, the CIA contract employee is briefed on what he can or cannot disclose. (This is an arrangement I personally became aware of when I wrote a book for the *Digest* titled *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*, and the CIA sent me Yuri Nosenko.) In turn, to guard against any slips, Barron, as he freely acknowledges, submitted the relevant portions of his last book to the CIA for review.

As Barron learned once before, not all the stories provided to him in this manner were true. In 1976 Joseph Burkholder Smith, a former senior CIA officer in Mexico, published a book that indiscreetly disclosed that the CIA had sent a Soviet defector to deliver Barron a story it had wholly invented. As Smith explained the operation, the "CIA then assisted John Barron with material for his book *The Secret World of Soviet Secret Agents*. He also used our story. . . ." In the case at hand, the defector fed Barron the story that Shevchenko was a supersecret CIA spy for some "30 months."

The CIA did more than merely retroactively establish a highly successful spy for itself. It elevated Shevchenko to a status so important that he was capable, among other things, of keeping the CIA informed of the Soviets' real intentions in the sensitive SALT negotiations. To accomplish this, the CIA had the defector also brief Barron on a putative KGB counterintelligence investigation that sounds like something right out of Graham Greene's novel *The Human Factor*. In this scheme the KGB, after somehow finding out that information had been handed over on arms control, narrowed the list of suspects to three high officials—Soviet Ambassador to the United States Anatoli Dobrynin, Soviet Ambassador to the United Nations Oleg Troyanovsky, and Shevchenko. The politburo, according to this brief, therefore ordered that these men each be tested by sending them different dummy top secret messages. When one of these "marked cards," as the messages are called, somehow leaked out, the Soviets then, according to this story, knew who among the three was the spy—Shevchenko. But if the CIA had indeed intercepted these top secret communications, or otherwise learned of such a high-level KGB counterintelligence operation, it would have been an intelligence coup ranking with the *Ultra* interceptions in the Second World War. To divulge it in a book—aside from possibly violating the Communications Act of 1934, which prohibits disclosing the methods of intercepting foreign communications—would compromise the CIA's "sources and methods." Under what conditions would the CIA gratuitously funnel such data into a book? "Only if it was untrue," explained a former CIA executive.

THE NEW version of *Breaking with Moscow* was completed two years after the CIA released the story to Barron. According to Ashbel Green, the final product was a collaborative effort. The participants included Shevchenko, who ironically had some experience in surreptitiously authoring books for the KGB "disinformation apparatus," one or more ghostwriters, and the indefatigable Green himself, who, according to a story in *The Washington Post*, "provided the 'sandwich' structure of the book, beginning and ending with 'the spy story.' " The book has proved an immense success for all involved.

The CIA, at a time of concern about KGB espionage successes, now had its own success story—the penetration of the walled city of the Kremlin. Its supermole Arkady Shevchenko in *Breaking with Moscow* proved to be the most successful media-acknowledged spy since Oleg Penkovskiy in *The Penkovskiy Papers*, a putative autobiography that the CIA admitted, in testi-

TAKE CARE

When a man dies he does not die just of the disease he has: he dies of his whole life.

—Péguy

Poor old Laura Foley used to love
to tell us, every spring when we returned
from work in richer provinces, the season's
roster of disease, bereavement, loss.
And all her stars were ill, and all her ailments
worth detailing. We were young, and getting up
into the world; we feigned a gracious interest
when she spoke, but did a slew of wicked
imitations, out of earshot. Finally her bitterness drove off
even such listeners as we, and one by one the winters nailed
more cold into her house, until the decade
crippled her, and she was dead. Her presence had been
tiresome, cheerless, negative, and there was little
range or generosity in anything she said. But now

that I have lost my certainty, and spent my spirit
in a waste of one romance, I think
enumerations have their place, descriptive of
what keeps on keeping on. For dying's nothing
simple, single, and the records of the odd demises—
stone inside an organ, obstacle to brook,
a pump that stops, some cells that won't,
the fevers making mockeries of lust—are signatures
of lively interest: they presuppose

a life to lose. And if the love of life's
an art, and art is difficult, then we
were less than laymen at it—easy come
is all the layman knows. I mean that maybe Laura Foley
loved life more, for studying so hard the way it goes.

HEATHER MCHUGH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mony before the Church Committee, a decade after its publication, was "prepared and written by witting Agency assets who drew on actual case material." The result was the best seller *The Penkovskiy Papers* (also serialized by Time Inc.). Now, after all the scourging of the intelligence services by the Church Committee and the other congressional inquisitions, the "Shevchenko papers" had publicly demonstrated the value of the CIA. By advancing the proposition that the CIA had bested the Russians in arms control by means of its notional supermole, the book seemed to justify, with a single stroke, the combined budgets of all the intelligence services.

FINALLY Ambassador Shevchenko, for his part, not only got the movie deal he had been interested in since his days at Mosfilm, but he received the public recognition in the United States as an arms control expert that he never had at the U.N.—or in the Soviet Foreign Ministry. Ashbel Green, the editor, who began his efforts with Shevchenko's pro-Soviet disarmament book in 1974, wound up with an anti-Soviet international best seller. Knopf, the publisher, has sold 180,000 copies of *Breaking with Moscow*, as well as millions of dollars in subsidiary rights. *Time*, which did the cover story—as well as illustrations and fact-checking—excitedly presented its special feature to its readers. "It's always fascinating to look in these windows on history," said Executive Editor Ronald Kriss on the "Letter from the Publisher" page. "What we're trying to do is give our readers fresh insights and illuminations of the news, a dimension that is almost impossible to achieve by even the best weekly journalism."

One of the ghostwriters, Alfred Friendly Jr., according to *The Washington Post*, received $50,000. Judy Chavez, the 22-year-old call girl, with her celebrated blacksnake whip, received $35,000 for her services, as well as a Corvette and a Caribbean vacation. Georgy Arbatov, and his Institute of the United States and Canada, although losing a senior research fellow, could now claim that one of his former colleagues was a regular commentator "in place" on ABC News—and one of the United States's and Canada's foremost media experts on the Soviet Union. The FBI was able to end its expensive and exhaustive relations with the Fedora ring of disinformers. The American arms control community got an inside verifier of Soviet intentions concerning SALT I and SALT II, an extraordinary expert who uniquely could claim that he was at the politburo meetings, and could explain the real motives and "backup" positions of the Kremlin.

All in all, it was a curious but profitable partnership—especially since Shevchenko had spent the previous 20 years in America, albeit far less effectively, attempting to explain similar Soviet positions to Americans. The KGB was the only apparent loser in the affair. But its book has yet to be published.

CHILLY SCENES OF SUMMER

Love Always by Ann Beattie

(Random House, 247 pp., $16.95)

Whatever else Ann Beattie may or may not tell us in her fiction, no one need ever fear that she'll fail to record her characters' background music. In the opening sentence of her third novel, *Love Always*, we learn that Barbra Streisand is singing "Happy Days Are Here Again"—and, from there, it's onward, if not necessarily upward, to the Eurythmics, Duran Duran, Procol Harum, Madonna, Carly Simon, James Taylor, and most persistently, Cyndi Lauper. The sound track forms an ironic counterpoint to the fictional doings, of course. Girls don't just want to have fun in *Love Always*, and happy days are never going to be here again. Beattie's shell-shocked survivors of the 1960s are lucky if they can snort, let alone slouch, towards Bethlehem.

Actually, Yeats is almost as constant a subliminal presence as Lauper in this book, albeit by a circuitous route. *Love Always* is about a small circle of longtime friends, all urban exiles "escaping Madison Avenue and the system," who publish a fabulously successful and unbearably trendy national magazine, *Country Daze*, from a bucolic enclave in Vermont. The most popular writer in the group is Lucy, "a Latter-Day Miss Lonelyhearts" who writes a parodistic (and wholly invented) advice column, soon to be picked up for newspaper syndication, under the nom de plume Cindi Coeur. Although the magazine's staff is something of "an extended family," that family splits apart when Lucy's real-life niece, the 14-year-old Nicole Nelson, travels from her Los Angeles home to Vermont for the summer of '84. Nicole is known to millions of Americans for her portrayal of an abused, teenage alcoholic on the network soap opera "Passionate Intensity." Needless to say, neither she nor anyone else connected with the serial realizes that some overeducated television writer lifted his title from "The Second Coming": "The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity."

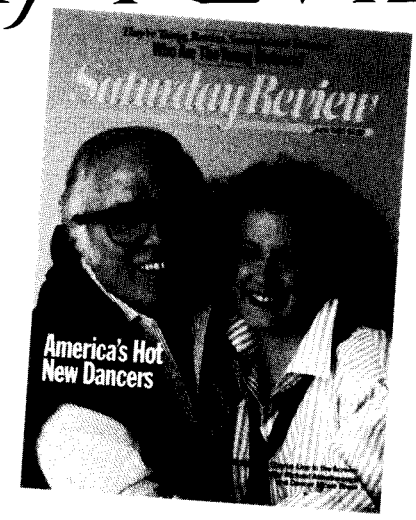
Love Always is also a soap opera, and self-consciously so. Beattie describes the hopelessly convoluted, "General Hospital"-esque plot of "Passionate Intensity" early on, and then pointedly mirrors it with her own, uncharacteristically baroque narrative. Nicole's arrival among the *Country Daze* crowd heralds a chain of sudsy events ranging from a marital crack-up to a scandalous case of indecent exposure to a fatal motorcycle crash. This is all very cute; still, a reader may wonder if *Love Always* runs any deeper than the dim entertainment that has made Nicole daytime TV's answer to Brooke Shields and Sue Lyon's Lolita. Certainly the best of Beattie's hip Vermont literati lack all conviction—if, that is, any of them can be called "the best"—but the worst are scarcely full of passionate intensity. Most of the characters in *Love Always* are so pale and listless that the songs on their ubiquitous Sony Walkmans drown them out.

They are exemplified by Hildon, who is married to Maureen but has been Lucy's closest friend and on-and-off

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SATURDAY REVIEW.

ON THE CUTTING EDGE.



Until recently you had to read half a dozen magazines and newspapers to keep up with everything happening in literature, art, culture, and entertainment around the world today.

Now with one magazine you can catch up on the latest in books, films, records, theater, art, wit, design, entertainment, media, and creative living and lifestyles.

Now in one magazine you can meet the people who are on the cutting edge of culture and popular culture today—and the ones who will be joining them there tomorrow.

The one magazine is the new SATURDAY REVIEW. Bigger, bolder, livelier, more comprehensive.

Saturday Review

NOW WE'RE MORE THAN YOU THOUGHT WE WERE.

For a limited time only you can receive a year of Saturday Review for 25% off the regular subscription price. Pay only $12 for six issues, a $4 saving off our regular rate of $16. To order, please fill in below and return to: Saturday Review, P.O. Box 10007, Des Moines, Iowa 50348.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill me ☐ Bill my: VISA ☐ MASTER CARD ☐

Card number _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Or, to save time, order by phone. Call toll-free (800) 247-5470. Please allow 4 to 7 weeks for delivery of first copy. Add $5.00 postage for Canada; for other countries add $10.00. Thank you.

KRNR23

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lover ever since they met at Yale 15 years earlier. Hildon founded *Country Daze* after dropping out of the University of Virginia law school and making a $50,000 killing in Vermont real estate. He created the magazine out of the conviction that he

> wasn't the only one who cared about social issues and who also had a sense of humor. While he didn't want to seem to wave the flag, he didn't think a lot of stereotypes about Americans pertained anymore; most Baby Boomers were well-educated, united by their opposition to the Vietnam war, people who had their consciences raised about nutrition and ecology. . . .

But these convictions aren't expressed by the magazine—which is described as "eclectic" and whose trivial contents suggest *Vanity Fair* on a health-food regimen. Nor does Hildon himself believe in anything much anymore—unless it's "that people who were less intelligent had superior lives." He's just sold *Country Daze* at a huge profit, and, though continuing to serve as editor, does little more than drift from bed to bed in a Valium trance and fantasize about giving up his $75 custom-made shirts and Gauloise cigarettes to become a beer-can-crushing, pickup-driving "shit kicker."

THE OTHERS, led by Lucy, are just as colorlessly anomic—which is to say that they are often interchangeable with one another, as well as with the personnel of other Beattie fictions. (The otherwise undifferentiated male staffers of *Country Daze* come in two generic flavors, straight and gay.) Everyone is as bored and self-indulgent as the Buchanans—Fitzgerald is also on the hit parade of golden oldies in *Love Always*—but no one is in sharp focus. "Set the camera on infinity, and you're bound to get the long view," says *Country Daze*'s ace photographer. Beattie, who opens her novel with a party being videotaped for posterity, seems to swing her own camera around as if it were dangling idly from a cord around her neck. Only when brand names are in view (Dalmane, the Horchow collection, Perrier, Nike, Dom Pérignon, Gold American Express Card, Datsun 280ZX, Sportsac) does she move in for the tight close-up. It's not until violence strikes in the book's final section that she gives some of her characters (Lucy's family) a past—a tiresome feat accomplished with a somber, journalistic voice that seems intended to emulate the belated chronicling of Gatz's history in *Gatsby*.

UP UNTIL THEN, the tone of *Love Always* is relentlessly jokey, without being funny. The tone is set by the scattered excerpts from Lucy's Cindi Coeur columns. When a fictive young girl writes that she and her brother have suffered parental punishment for playing an innocent hide-and-seek game they call "Deep Throat," the terribly knowing Cindi advises that the game be renamed "Woodward and Bernstein." Such shtick is not only flat, it also adds little to our understanding of the book's principal characters. Beattie would rather have a few contemptuous laughs at the expense of the downtrodden bit players. Hildon's much-betrayed wife, Maureen, is presented strictly as a running gag. She gets back at her husband by signing up with a $50-an-hour, crypto-feminist guru who teaches a "holistic approach to man-hating" that is "part psychotherapy, part whole body reconditioning, and part assertiveness training." The author also shares Hildon's condescending attitude toward the redneck townies. The cops, delivery men, and other local yokels who cross the paths of the well-heeled *Country Daze* crew stand accused of eating regularly at McDonald's, shopping at K-Mart, and writing illiterate letters. And if Lucy is a latter-day Miss Lonelyhearts, so her niece's New England fans are mindless latter-day locusts, erecting pathetic little shrines to their favorite star.

If anything, show biz is Beattie's favorite satirical target in *Love Always*. It's hard to understand why, given the novel's prefab contributions to this well-rehearsed genre. Nicole, unsurprisingly, is an airhead, all but indistinguishable from the toy doll that is soon to be marketed of her soap-opera character. A creature of *People* and *The National Enquirer*, she has less of a past or future than the *Country Daze* folk; she's never heard of Shirley Temple, not to mention Gary Hart, but she's all too conversant with the Beverly Hills restaurants (Spago, Chow's, the Polo Lounge) that Beattie quickly adds to her floating repertoire of brand names. The familiar Hollywood types in *Love Always* include Nicole's vulgar agent (known as "Piggy," no less) and a young hack writer, Andrew Steinborn, who's preparing a novelization of "Passionate Intensity." Steinborn's other literary projects, we're told in another representative display of Beattie's wit, include a real novel titled *Buzz* ("about people at a fashionable resort in Southampton, as seen from the perspective of a mosquito") and *I Will Always Love You*, the unauthorized biography of Dolly Parton. This young man, however, commits the cardinal sin of *Love Always*—he takes his work seriously. Steinborn's girlfriend is always chastising him for refusing to admit that "Passionate Intensity" was only a soap opera: "Why did he insist that it was something more—that there were subtleties and hidden complexities in the characters, and that to the intelligent viewer the show was more than entertainment."

THIS, one assumes, is Beattie's aesthetic rationalization for her own novel. We are to take the book's flaccidly assembled jumble of melodramatic plot bombshells, buzzwords, and helter-skelter wisecracks as its own entertaining reward, subtleties and complexities be damned. Call this collage a cool slice of Magic Realism, if you will—life among the Yuppies as documented on a single videocassette, unedited. Yet skeptics may feel that *Love Always* is simply a freeze-dried *Big Chill*, still awaiting its infusion of hot water (or blood).

By adopting the same smug pose as her characters, Beattie absolves herself from the chore of examining any feeling or idea. She tells us that Hildon "needed to choke back a terrible sadness that had started to overwhelm him" without ever investigating that sadness. She tells us that "love was just another game, like baseball," but never explains who drew up the rules and why. Is the disorder and pallor of this novel a literary reflection of the passive wasted lives on display, or just another capitulation to the malaise? Is *Love Always* more honest than the hack's synthetic Dolly Parton tome, *I Will Always Love You*—or are both writers merely telling their respective audiences exactly what they want to hear? This book may not be junk food, like the Big Macs devoured by its lowly rednecks, but it certainly seems as bland (and goes down as easily) as the tabouleh burgers the Country Dazers favor.

As a spokesperson for a generation, Ann Beattie is beginning to sound like a broken record. And the needle is stuck

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a narrow groove that emits only the muffled sounds of the wealthy, Waspy, childless, and most narcissistic baby boomers. If there are any insights here, they pertain mainly to the collapse of the Hart campaign. The blank idlers who traipse through these chilly scenes of summer are the kind of rarefied preppies who throw wine-and-cheese fund-raisers by night, only to find themselves too tranqued-out to pile into their Datsuns on election day. *Love Always* is no novel, but it can, at least, be read as a persuasive chapter in *The Making of the President 1984*.

FRANK RICH

Frank Rich is the drama critic for *The New York Times*.

EPISTOLARY EPIC

Bernard Shaw: Collected Letters 1911-1925 edited by Dan H. Laurence

(Viking, 989 pp., $45)

An individual's letters, if there are enough of them, add up to a kind of biography, a life-as-it-happened. And yet not quite a biography. For what you actually get from collected letters—anybody's collected letters—is not a life, but the roles that the writer chose to play in his life; a letter, for even the least gifted of us, is a little monologue performed for an audience of one. So when the writer is the 20th century's greatest playwright, it is not surprising that his letters should constitute a drama longer than *Back to Methuselah*, starring GBS, and featuring as heroines his wife and various ladies of the stage, and as villains all the world's politicians, editors, and incompetent actors, with a supernumerary cast of thousands of fools, ne'er-do-wells, and rogues. It was a play that could run forever, and it nearly did—for three-quarters of a century, through a quarter of a million letters.

Just pause for a moment to think about that figure, and get your calculator out. If mine is working properly, the three volumes of letters published to date, containing just over 1,900 letters in all, amount to less than .8 percent of Shaw's total output. If the *complete* letters were to be published, they would fill 390 volumes. To write a quarter of a million letters, Shaw had to average nine a day, 365 days a year, over an extraordinarily long life, while at the same time writing plays, prefaces, novels, tracts, music and art criticism, and a vast amount of casual journalism. It all seems impossible; yet clearly that is just what he did.

How did he manage it? Is it possible that letter-writing filled the space in his life that more ordinary folk devote to meat, drink, tobacco, and sex (from all of which he abstained)? Or was it that his command of Pitman Method shorthand and a secretary sped up production? Whatever it was, the letters flowed in such profusion that one can't help feeling a bit grateful for the Blitz, which destroyed some letters, and to various individuals (including Shaw himself) who destroyed others. I realize that that is an unscholarly-sounding thing to say; but how could anyone, however scholarly, deal with the whole of this mountain of correspondence, and do anything else with his life? Poor Dan Laurence has been laboring at this edition for something like 30 years, and still has the last 25 years of Shaw's letter-writing life ahead of him. At the rate he is going, he will have to live as long as one of Shaw's Ancients if he is to finish the job. We must pray for his longevity.

The present volume covers the time of Shaw's greatest achievements as a playwright, the years of *Pygmalion*, *Heartbreak House*, and *Saint Joan*, and Shaw has many interesting things to say about his plays. Most of them are practical bits of stagecraft—how to design a set, how to speak cockney, how *not* to dress Eliza in the fifth act—Shaw in his role as the Old Professional, the master of stage illusion. But this was also the time of Shaw's longest unproductive period, and there are touching, disheartening accounts of his efforts to break out of that aridity by writing *Heartbreak House*. If the book contained nothing but these glimpses of the playwright's working mind it would be well worth reading.

But of course, Shaw being Shaw, it contains a great deal more. If it is in one sense a vast drama, it is in another sense a kind of epic; and like many another epic, it is much concerned with Love and War. Love enters in 1912 in the person of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, 48 years old, still a beauty, still a star, and still shamelessly flirtatious. Shaw went to see her on business—he wanted her for Eliza Doolittle in *Pygmalion*—and. . . . But why not let the Hero speak in his own voice?

> . . . though I entered on the business with the most insolent confidence in my superiority to a dozen such Dalilas, I fell head over heels in love with her—violently and exquisitely in love—before I knew that I was thinking about anything but business. All yesterday I could think of nothing but a thousand scenes of which she was the heroine and I the hero. And I am on the verge of 56. There has never been anything so ridiculous, or so delightful, in the history of the world.

This is Shaw playing another role, of course—the Comic Lover, a role that he sustained throughout what was clearly a passionate attachment. Other people's love letters are usually either boring or embarrassing, and sometimes both; love seems to dissolve the mind's powers of self-criticism. But Shaw's are marvelously entertaining. He turned his passion into a mocking game of elderly courtship, a game in which the goal was not to seduce the lady, but to make seduction a farce. It is a bravura performance, and one that kept Mrs. Pat in a state of continuous bafflement.

If she had studied Shaw's history more closely, she would not have been so puzzled by his behavior, for it had been his way with women all his life. Years later, in a letter to a young actress, Shaw recalled an early example of Shavian philandering:

> I remember a well known poetess (now no more) saying to me, when I refused to let her commit adultery with me, "You had no right to write the preface if you were not going to write the book."

Shaw's was a long life of amatory prefaces. Whether in Mrs. Pat's case he also wrote the book is uncertain.

In War, as in Love, Shaw was a troublesome man. His first gesture upon the

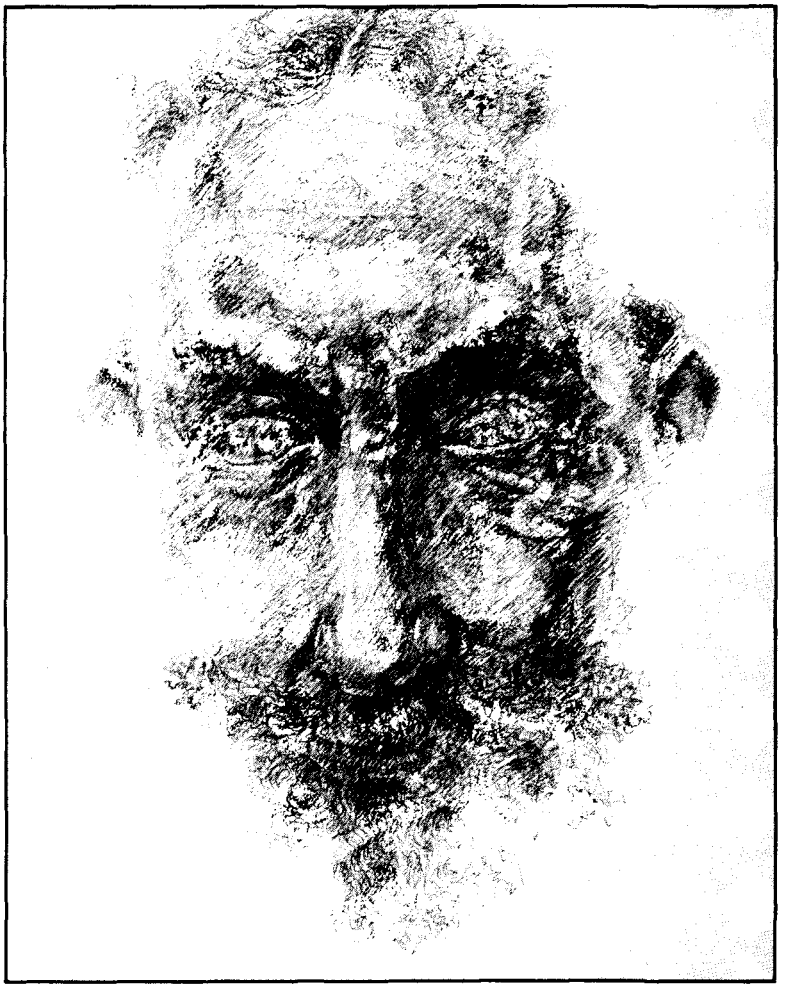
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

declaration of war in 1914 was to write a pamphlet, *Common Sense About the War*, in which he argued that there were as many Junkers in England as in Germany, and that responsibility for the war was more or less equally divided among the combatants. By being sensible at a time when, as he later recalled, "it was treason to write otherwise than as a raving madman," Shaw managed to offend everybody: *The New Statesman* stopped publishing his pieces, and he had to resign from his club. Still, he went on seeing both sides of the issue, hating and supporting the British cause to the end, "raging over this cursed war," as he says in a letter, but yet writing a pamphlet to recruit Irish volunteers.

There are two points that one might make about Shaw's war. First, that the letters concerning the war are one instance of a general quality of these letters—that taken together they amount to an instant history of England during these years. Shaw was better informed on public issues than most literary men, and he wrote at length about them in his letters, as he did also in more public places. So a reader can follow here the course of the war, or the Irish Uprising, or the trial of Roger Casement, or the peace conference at Versailles, as Shaw responded to these critical events. This is history without hindsight, and it is a valuable kind of history to have.

The other point is a point about Shaw. In being sensible about the war he offended both pacifists and militarists; but that is what he always did when he spoke on an issue. No human quality is more irritating, to a person who is being emotional, than somebody else's reasonableness, and Shaw had developed his to a high and rage-producing level. If you add to that failing a cleverness so great as to make even his friends suspicious (for nobody really believes that cleverness and sincerity can be compatible), you begin to see why it was that though Shaw had no enemies he also had no supporters in the world of public policy.

One can see this as easily in his politics as in his war. In the early days of Fabianism, Shaw had worked well with Sidney and Beatrice Webb—he had the ideas and they had the statistics and the patience—but they were not really compatible, and in Shaw's wartime letters one can see the relationship dissolving.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW BY DAVID SCHORR

By the war's end Shaw is calling himself a Bolshevik, and complaining to H. G. Wells that the Webbs have kicked him off the *Statesman* and are ignoring him. But what else could they have done? They were bureaucrats who looked for gradual reform through planning; Shaw was a true radical who wanted fundamental social change immediately. Like many another radical, he did not really expect such change, because he knew in his heart that men were too stupid and too perverse to allow a reasonable society. But unlike most men in such circumstances—indeed it is the thing that makes Shaw unique among mortals—his perception of human folly did not make him despair, or turn him in hatred against his fellow men. He said of himself, "I am a monster"; and it was in his magnanimity that he was most monstrous.

He knew that he was a monster, and he knew that he was an exasperating man to have for a friend, or even for a correspondent. "What is so very exasperating," he wrote to his actor-friend Robert Loraine, "in spite of my amiable qualities, is not that I am an egotistical and ridiculous author. Consider for a moment, and you will admit that an author's vanity would make you laugh quite good-humoredly. What infuriates people is my incorrigible habit of constituting myself, uninvited, their solicitor, their doctor, and their spiritual director without the smallest delicacy." This is another list of roles, and certainly Shaw played them all, sometimes with exasperating effects. In his letter to Loraine, for example, Shaw bluntly asked his friend if he was a morphine addict, and Loraine was deeply offended. But Shaw was unrepentant, and continued to meddle in other people's lives. "You do not ask me for advice," a typical letter begins; "but all the same. . . ." In various letters he advises friends, acquaintances, and even total strangers on a vast range of subjects, of which the following are only a few examples: the art of singing; rehearsing; how to train for a career as a painter; why go to college; the stage as a career for women; why authors should be uncharitable; the duties of a schoolmaster; what a man should do with superabundant vitality (answer: contain himself, or seduce the charwoman); why not to cut Shakespeare; the life of a soldier; why not to write reviews while angry; cleanliness; prose style; punctuation. He sent his advice, unsolicited, to both

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Baldwin and Ramsay Macdonald, and to the Anglo-Irish convention on Ireland's political future. He told John Barrymore how to play Hamlet, and Elgar how to compose. Exasperating he certainly was.

AND did his correspondents follow his advice? There is not much evidence that they did. Why not? one wonders. Was it that the advice wasn't sound? In some cases it obviously was: his letter on rehearsing, for instance, was so sensible and so detailed that it was later published as a pamphlet. Was it that human beings are too buffle headed (to use a Shavian term) to know when they are being wisely instructed? Or does Shaw's case simply demonstrate the universal uselessness of gadflies?

I think the latter explanation is nearest the truth. Shaw had played too many roles, and had been clever on both sides of too many issues, to be taken seriously by his world. He had played the Sage, the Lover, the Philanderer, the Miser, the Philanthropist, the Ancient, the Politician, the Philosopher, the Strategist, the Professional, the Amateur, the Clown; and it must have seemed to many people that these often contradictory roles not only canceled each other out, but canceled Shaw himself out too, leaving him without a position, and without a character of his own that one could trust to remain constant from today to tomorrow.

Indeed, that shifting, both-sides-of-the-question quality does seem to have been in Shaw's nature. One sees it in the best of his plays—*Major Barbara*, *Pygmalion*, and *Heartbreak House*—in the way that Shaw sets up conflicts, and gives all sides their speeches, but doesn't quite resolve them. It makes the plays puzzling, and their endings disturbing. But that, surely, was Shaw's intention. He took contradiction and inconsistency to be a kind of natural law, in himself and in the human race at large, and his plays are a reasonable man's enactments of that unreasonable truth. And so was his life. The roles that he played out, by contradicting each other, made the same point: life is contradictory and perverse, but at least let's be reasonable about it.

This does not mean that there was no Shaw behind the roles. At the end of these 900 pages one certainly does feel that one has been in the company of a real and worthy personality. The Shaw one comes to know is certainly a contradictory person—kind and abusive, generous and mean, passionate and reasonable, angry and amused. But these qualities do not cancel each other out; they simply add up to a believable man of contradictions, living in a contradictory world. The letters that he wrote must be counted among the finest and most entertaining letters of our century. There are a lot of them, but the rewards are great, and in the end one doesn't wish that there were fewer.

SAMUEL HYNES

Samuel Hynes, professor of English at Princeton University, is the author most recently of *The Auden Generation* (Viking).

LIBERATING THE LABORATORY

Reflections on Gender and Science by Evelyn Fox Keller

(Yale University Press, 193 pp., $17.95)

Feminist writing about science started with the me-tooism that launched an attack on all the professions that carry prestige. Why are there so few women doctors, lawyers, executives, engineers—and research scientists? The classic documentation was Margaret Rossiter's *Women Scientists in America*, which began by extracting the women from the standard reference work of brief biographies, *American Men of Science*. Rossiter studied how female scientists had been both frustrated and helped. They were helped, very often, by the women's colleges that provided a base from which to work. They were hindered by an unwritten decree that determined that if a woman must be a scientist, then she had better be an anthropologist, or engage in some similar "soft" science. At worst, she should become a biologist.

A far more radical wave of criticism ensued. If men are so keen on keeping women out of science, and equally keen on inventing new weapons while being indifferent to the poisons they leave behind, then women should try to subvert science altogether. Don't try to join the legion of warriors assaulting nature. Try to put science down in any way you can.

Evelyn Fox Keller cautiously identifies herself as a radical feminist, but she is a further and far more interesting step down the road. She is a mathematical biologist. She likes her field and wants to cultivate it, not to undermine it. She does want to think about how the masculine domination of science has altered its very content. This is a complex thought. It is not the banal idea that, for example, if most research scientists were women, the national treasure would be spent ending acid rain rather than developing techniques for Star Wars. It is not the banal idea that men prefer to prevent births by discovering ways to affect women's hormones, while a female establishment might try a different approach. Keller is suggesting that knowledge of the very same aspect of nature might develop differently according to the gender—or better, gender attitudes—of the community engaged in research.

This is inevitably a puzzling idea. We tend to think that you can choose to study beetles in preference to quasars, or vice versa, but it is the facts about the beetles and the quasars that determine what there is to be known. Yet there have always been skeptical critics of that truism. At present their most lively representatives are sociologists, historians, and philosophers who write books with subtitles such as *The Social Construction of a Scientific Fact*. As the words imply, the facts about beetles or quasars are supposed to be constructed rather than simply discovered, or uncovered. The facts are not there until the community has "made" them. While we cannot construct any fact, it is argued, nature allows a micro-sociological process a good deal of leeway as to what we shall finally count as "the facts." Keller is in no way a partisan of this iconoclasm in general, but it can do her case no harm that such irreverent ideas are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the air at present. She notes, however, that such social stories of science are all written by men. None considers whether gender influences the construction of facts. Thus although Keller has predecessors among radical feminists and among radical sociologists of science, she is about to sketch an entirely new kind of inquiry.

Her book has three parts, one history, one psychology, and one science. The history is about how masculine science came into being. The psychology derives from that branch of psychoanalytic theory called "object-relations theory." It is an account of how children, as they mature, form concepts of, and enter into relations with, other people, things, and themselves and their own bodies. Keller argues that at least in our civilization this process is typically different for boys and girls, and that in maturity the male attitude to objects is revealed in the way that male scientists investigate nature. The third part of the book has three examples to illustrate gender-effects in recent science. Two are marvelous, both drawn from branches of biology in which Keller is expert. The third, about the quantum theory, is less satisfying because it is based on secondary sources.

The book, then, goes as follows. First we learn when, how, and to what extent the content of science got its masculine orientation. Next we are offered a psychoanalytic account of this phenomenon. Finally we get some real recent examples of this effect. Many readers may find the middle speculative bit the most fascinating. Although it is integral to the plot line, I shall restrict myself to the more substantiated beginning and end.

The historical beginning is an eye-opener. Everybody knows that in the 17th century there was a revolution in science: Aristotle was dethroned, Bacon canonized, the books of Galileo condemned but his ideas triumphant—an event culminating in Isaac Newton. We less often notice the contrast between Renaissance collaboration with nature and the new and revolutionary bondage of nature. "I am come in very truth leading to you Nature with all her children to bind her to your service and make her your slave." That's Bacon. Keller is gifted at finding the telling quotation.

Some of her choices are downright disgusting. Talk of squeezing the truth out of Dame Nature's anus is hardly the stuff you find in family magazines nowadays. The post-Baconian image is of man dominating Nature, forcing her secrets, engaging in experiments to "shake out the folds in Nature." At least in England the new science thought of the world as made up of atoms acting upon each other by forces of attraction and repulsion. How this contrasts to a Renaissance vision: "The whole world is knit and bound within itself: for the world is a living creature, everywhere both male and female, and the parts of it do couple together. . . ."

KELLER is elegantly cautious about this contrast. She knows that Bacon is a transitional figure, and that he too uses metaphors of marriage. Her point is that the rhetoric and ideology of the relation between man and nature are swiftly transformed during the period that we call the scientific revolution of the 17th century, and that modern science has preserved (in a less vigorous prose) the masculine model of domination, of information and control.

Her account is more an invitation to think than a conclusion. It is excellent to quote alchemists, but we shall have to add Aristotle, from whom they ultimately derived their picture of the world. From him they had a picture of a creating nature (*natura naturans*) and a created nature (*natura naturata*). People are part of created nature and share, with all the rest of created nature, responsibilities to creating nature. To understand some aspect of the world is to share with creating nature that very understanding. It is a complex metaphysics that can only lead to a sense of sharing, of collaboration, and of understanding through participating in other parts of created nature. The last great thinker to use this terminology, and to act according to its vision, was Spinoza.

THIS is not to say that the domination model of science was an instant and universal success. Continental physics was not atomistic. Leibniz almost said that "the whole world is knit and bound within itself" when he argued that every item in the universe reflects, if only in a dim way, everything else in the universe. His physics, which long remained the continental paradigm, was intended in part to represent this idea in its structure. Other fields of knowledge resisted atomism for a long time. Even the greatest atomist, Robert Boyle, would say that "*Nature* is a most wise being . . . it is she that is the curer of diseases." Medicine remained holistic until around 1800, when physicians finally came to think of disease as located in specific organs; the way to treat the disease was to locate the guilty organ and make it obey. Keller's book opens up a whole new range of ideas for anyone who cares to think about the history of science, that is, the history of the modern world.

What does the domination rhetoric come to, in the end? Does it really make any difference to the content of science? The English atomists long succeeded over what we might call the continental holists in physics, but was that not because their research strategy fitted the world better? And in the end, did not the two traditions largely merge in a physics of forces and fields? One hardly knows how even to ask the questions, let alone discuss them. Keller is surely right to begin with a diet of examples.

She has seven fascinating pages on her own work in which mathematical models are applied to biological problems. A classic problem is how organic structure comes into being. An organism starts with one cell that multiplies into a complex of differentiated parts.

FLORENCEWALKS
by Anne Holler

Four intimate walking tours of Florence's most historic and enchanting neighborhoods, with maps, photos, and a selected list of restaurants and shops

$9.95 at your bookstore,
or from the publisher.

Holt, Rinehart and Winston
385 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How? Keller started with a formal theory due to the logician Alan Turing, and found an example to which it could be applied. There is a "cellular slime mold" that exists as single cells when there is lots of food, but when food runs out the cells aggregate, form into clumps that break apart and then, rather like slugs, go off in search of food. When they find it, and other circumstances are fortunate, they send up a stalk that shoots off spore cells; the spores then turn into single cells.

How on earth does this amazing sequence of events occur? Keller and her collaborators were able to use Turing's model to show that under certain conditions initial aggregation of cells would occur without there being any difference whatsoever among the cells. The account was far from perfect; but it did suggest a research program. Yet there was a rival, based on the idea of a master cell (a "pacemaker" cell) that sent out signals to all the other cells, causing them to aggregate. This, according to Keller, was almost always the favored idea, because it "made sense." Yet there was no independent reason to believe that there are pacemaker cells, although there was independent reason (a mathematical theorem) to believe aggregation could occur without prior differentiation. Of course Keller is not saying that women scientists chiefly contributed to and prefer the holistic conjecture, while men prefer the atomistic master cell story. She does think that the instinctive preference for the latter is characteristic of an ideology that comes prior to understanding, and which originates in the scientific revolution.

KELLER finds the same implications in the work of Barbara McClintock. Born in 1902, she long had the marginal career of a woman scientist, although she was also immensely respected for fundamental work in genetics that commenced in her early 30s. She was awarded the Nobel prize when she was 81. How does this bizarre delay connect with the themes of Keller's book? One of McClintock's central discoveries was completely submerged by the flood of enthusiasm for molecular biology, from the 1950s on. In this biology the gene's the thing, for it is the bearer of the master codes of life, the DNA. McClintock—chiefly working with unfashionable organisms such as maize—had earlier made a discovery that has no place in such a view of life. She found that genetic elements sometimes move from one chromosomal site to another in a way that appears to be coordinated. She also thought that this was a survival technique that an organism could use when under pressure; in short, that it was part of an evolutionary story. It is now agreed that genetic transposition is commonplace, although the value that McClintock attached to it does not make much sense in present genetic theory. Once again, it is the dominant master, the code, that is supposed to run the show, rather than elements acting *as if they* were getting their act together and moving around without a central "pacemaker."

As usual, Keller makes no sweeping generalizations on the basis of her telling examples. Indeed her conclusions are modest, more reminiscent of John Stuart Mill than of radical feminism. She urges proliferation of theories and of research approaches. She thinks that there are different kinds of talents that different kinds of people can bring to a problem, and that they may lead to different kinds of solutions. McClintock not only had a different theory but also a very different cast of mind and mode of approach from that of the early workers on DNA. She had an uncanny ability to plant out the "different" seeds from the cob and follow their histories as the plants grew over the year. Her

TNR smartens up a classic.

Now TNR invites you to proclaim your political awareness with our version of the classic American sweatshirt. This soft, fleece-lined grey sweatshirt is emblazoned with the TNR logo in red and is available exclusively to our readers at the low price of only $18.95. *(Postage and handling included.)* Available in sizes S,M, and L.

TNR sweatshirts also make the ideal all-season gift — equally at home around the fireplace and the campfire.

Quantities are limited so complete the coupon below and order today.

THE NEW REPUBLIC SWEATSHIRT
1220 19th St., NW Washington, D.C. 20036

Please send me _____ TNR sweatshirts in size(s) _____.
(We suggest that you order a size larger than you usually wear to ensure proper fit.)
Total enclosed _____. I have enclosed $18.95 for each sweatshirt ordered.

Name _____

Address _____ Apt # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Check or money-order must accompany each order. Allow 2-4 weeks for delivery.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

somewhat holistic conceptions did not fit the master model, but genetics would have been a richer subject had her ideas been given more time and attention. In general, Keller enters a wise plea for tolerance, cooperation, mutual respect, and more sharing of resources among more competing ideas.

Roughly speaking, there are two kinds of topics that arise from the women's movement. One is of peculiar concern to women—for example, that women of a scientific bent should have access to the best education and the best careers. Of course that is of peripheral interest to men—many men, certainly those who are scholars and scientists, believe that their workplace would be a better one if it were shared with more women. There is, however, another class of cases, of equal moment for men and women, that is, for people in general. These are cases, however, that would never have come to our attention had it not been for women active in the movement. For example, there is no reason either in logic or in biology why a man could not have written something much like Keller's book. But none ever did, nor would any man ever have done so. That is food for thought about our present condition, but let us not dwell on it too morosely. Let us be glad to be in times when such a sparkling, innovative little book can be produced, a book to start all of us thinking in new directions.

IAN HACKING

Ian Hacking is a fellow at the Institute for the History and Philosophy of Science and Technology at the University of Toronto.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

direct influence by virtue of their own efforts in working to improve the company's performance. That "puts the labor movement squarely on the side of productivity," as Mr. Kuttner correctly points out.

DAVID BINNS
Washington, D.C.

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Byron and Greek Love: Homophobia in 19th-Century England by Louis Crompton (University of California Press). A revealing chapter in the history of intolerance. (Reviewed 7/1/85)

Lives of the Saints by Nancy Lemann (Knopf). Coming of age in a daze in New Orleans. (6/24/85)

Slow Homecoming by Peter Handke, translated by Ralph Manheim (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Three metaphoric and metaphysical parables. (6/17/85)

Irving Babbitt: An Intellectual Study by Thomas E. Nevin (The University of North Carolina Press). An intellectual biography of humanism's stern champion. (6/17/85)

Acts of Will: The Life and Work of Otto Rank by E. James Lieberman M.D. (Free Press). Another chapter in the history of psychoanalysis. (5/20/85)

Women and Angels by Harold Brodkey (The Jewish Publication Society of America). Two ordinary fragments of a long-awaited novel, and a third remarkable one: the portrait of a revelation. (5/20/85)

The Heavens and the Earth: A Political History of the Space Age by Walter A. McDougall (Basic). The story of the state, the scientists, and the exploitation of the galaxy. (6/3/85)

The Call: An American Missionary in China by John Hersey (Knopf). An unsentimental saga of one Christian's half-century in China. (5/13/85)

The Kindness of Strangers: The Life of Tennessee Williams by Donald Spoto (Little, Brown). A thorough life of the carousing playwright. (5/13/85)

Home Truths: Sixteen Stories by Mavis Gallant (Random House). Portraits of Canadians at home and abroad. (5/13/85)

TRB, *from page 4*

this case make that tempting, however offensive in general. Israel has been planning to release these prisoners anyway. Furthermore, although these prisoners (mostly young Shiite troublemakers) are not utterly innocent victims like the TWA passengers, they *are* hostages in the literal sense that Israel has been holding them primarily for leverage over their compatriots rather than for their own crimes. Given the release of genuine terrorists for just three Israelis a few weeks ago, this is not the right occasion for a big stand on principle.

Part two of the new hard-line recipe—revenge—is more problematic. The more revenge talk there is, for one thing, the less likely it is that a swap can be arranged. If Nabih Berri reads American newspapers, he might reasonably conclude that he'd be crazy to release all the hostages under any circumstances. Their presence may be all that's keeping him alive.

The other problem with revenge, of course, is picking a target. President Reagan observed in his June 18 press conference that it would be difficult to exact any sort of satisfying retribution without killing innocent victims, thus sinking to the level of the terrorists themselves. Some Washington Machiavellians suspect that this was calculated wimpery on Reagan's part, designed to mislead Berri and friends into supposing that Reagan won't act if they give him the chance. But are we really ready to escalate the war against terrorism in this way?

Here's a test. Nabih Berri has six children living in the United States. Clearly they would be our most effective leverage over him, and yet not even the fiercest antiterrorist commentator has suggested that they be seized, let alone harmed. An air strike on an Amal militia encampment that killed only six civilians, all relatives of the head honcho, would be considered "surgical" indeed. So what's the hang-up? As residents of Michigan, these children are protected by the laws of the United States. Surely, though, the reason this idea repels is not that it's technically illegal.

If we do retaliate in a way that involves the taking of innocent lives, it will only be because they are strange people far away. "Big bang"-style retaliation might feel good for a moment or two, but it's not the answer to terrorism we're looking for.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

The Dead Doctor

THE DISCOVERY that Josef Mengele is dead is a meaningless event. He managed its meaninglessness by the scale of his crime. The death of a man who selected 400,000 people for gassing and poured cement into the wombs of girls is a technical matter. It rights nothing. By the time Mengele left Auschwitz, therefore, he had won, and not merely because of the acres of ashes, and the lives in ruins, that he left behind. He won because he had made himself so much smaller than what was due him. For his depredations no revenge was possible, at least no revenge according to the Western standard of justice, which is a standard of proportionality. Mengele escaped successfully to the far side of that standard. The enormity of his evil protected him against any form of civilized justice. His deeds demanded much, much more than his death, they demanded a retribution so complete that civilization again would shudder. And so Mengele could win one last time quite easily. He could merely, and uncondignly, die. It was never Mengele's death, therefore, that his hunters, who included all Jews in their hearts, wanted; and it was never his death that Mengele feared. The plan was not to make him die, it was to make him suffer.

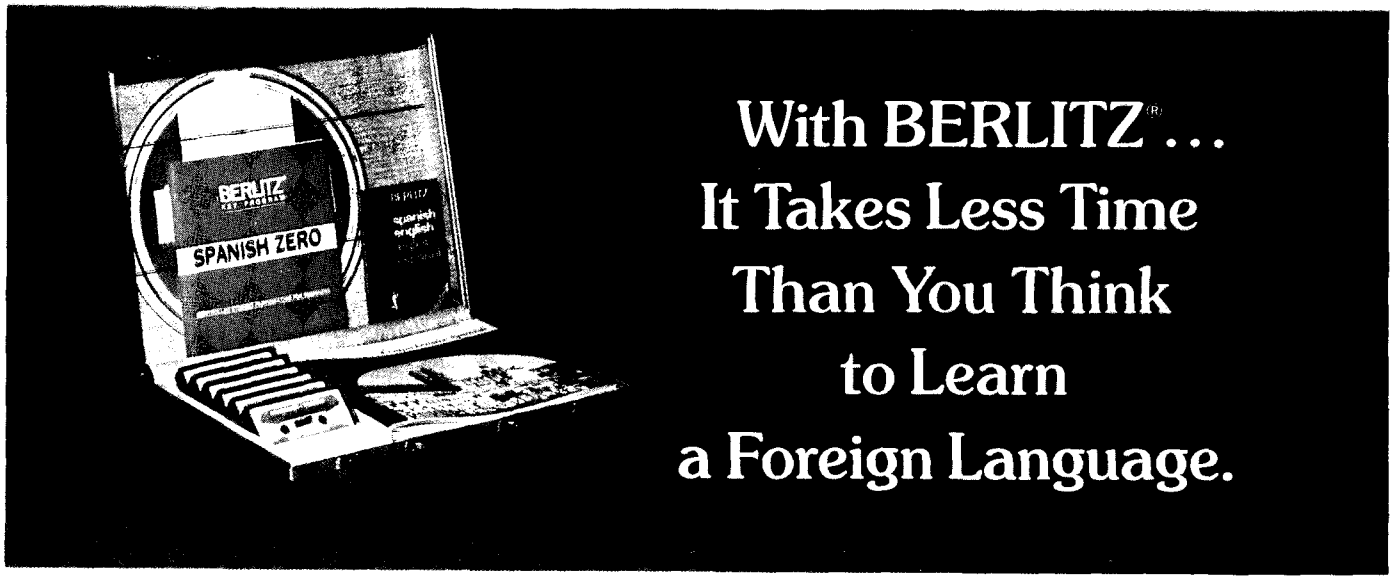
THE FORENSIC EXPERTS of São Paulo have robbed the Jews (this one, at least) of a cherished fantasy: the fantasy of tormenting the tormentor. There is a sliver of comfort in the knowledge that Mengele did not die in his sleep; and perhaps also in the knowledge that he felt a moment of feral fear in the killing waters off the Brazilian coast, a moment of terror and physical pain when the drowning man began to drown. But maybe not. Maybe he welcomed the water into his lungs. Maybe he choked for air imagining all the punishments that would never befall him, imagining with a final feeling of satisfaction all the imaginations of his victims and their children, all the sadism that the sadist inspired in their souls, of which he would be forever free. There is no way to be sure. The aspect of Josef Mengele's life after Auschwitz that leaves you livid is not that he may have lived calmly in his bucolic Brazilian suburb. It is that he may have drowned happily. That would make him one of the most successful cheaters of fate in history. It is an idea that makes you medieval; this week a belief in hell seems like a price worth paying for a belief in all the rest.

STILL, THE SKULL SCHOLARS of São Paulo have called a halt to a most lurid bandwagon. A great deal (but never too much) has been written about the vulgarization of the Holocaust in American and Jewish culture, but not enough about its appropriation by American and Jewish politics. The German war against the Jews turns out to be quite a usable past for pols and their pollsters. In some cases an indifference to the destiny of living Jews can be disguised by a positive passion for the destiny of dead Jews. A few years ago it was the search for Raoul Wallenberg that was the counsel of the consultants; a day did not pass in the lives of politicians from the demographically relevant districts in which they did not seem to brood upon his heroism in Hungary. That was fine for the elections of 1982 and 1984. There was no way that Wallenberg would stay good for the elections of 1986 and 1988. Having failed to find the missing angel, therefore, they set out to find the missing devil. This past year's obsession with the whereabouts of Josef Mengele was probably one of the most laudable enterprises of insincerity in recent political history. I say laudable, because there is a proper political use, or there would have been one, for the capture of Mengele alive: a Mengele trial, for which the world is ripe. A Mengele trial might have established a sorely needed sense of moral and political measure in the current comparisons of peoples and politics; and also that the Jews did not start a state in Palestine because they were feeling feisty. But I doubt that that was what Elizabeth Holtzman had in mind when she traveled to Paraguay to threaten General Stroessner with Brooklyn's wrath, or what the bounty hunter Arnaud de Borchgrave had in mind when his *Washington Times* offered a reward of a million dollars. Well, the doctor is dead. The Reverend Moon comes out ahead by seven figures, and candidate Holtzman can turn her undivided attention to Martin Bormann.

SPEAKING OF South American fascists, I cannot let pass without praise "Lessons from Argentina," William F. Buckley's article in *The Washington Post* of a few Sundays ago. Buckley has admitted that during the late 1970s he "inclined to the wrong assumptions" in his extenuating analyses of the Videla regime. Buckley now believes that Argentina was run by "morally disgusting people"; that generally it is wiser "to listen most to putative victims rather than to putative liberators"; that "it is not possible to know the extent to which counterterrorist activity can be fine-tuned, sufficient to overcome the terrorist but stopping short of gratuitous acts against innocent, or conceivably innocent, parties"; and that he was much too tolerant of the Greek colonels, too. There is little elaboration in the article about the meaning of these mistakes for the making of American foreign policy in anti-communist countries governed by fascists, of which there still are a few. Still, Buckley's piece is the sterling work of an honest man. I do not mean to condescend. It is not Buckley's arrival at a position similar to my own that impresses me; after all, my own views were also the product of an "inclination" applied to what I read and heard. It is just that the present intellectual climate is not conducive to such confessions. The conservatives are triumphal, the liberals are defensive, and everybody is worried about playing into everybody else's hands. Except, in this instance, Buckley. I will take his example. For six years now I have failed to admit that during the first *Timermanstreit*, the controversy about Jacobo Timerman's *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*, his memoir of Videla's prisons, I too was not completely in the right. I credited not merely the argument, but the man. It is now clear to me that Timerman is no teacher, the importance of human rights for foreign policy notwithstanding. I console myself, as perhaps Buckley does, with the thought that there are many worse things to be than wrong.

L.W.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



With BERLITZ®... It Takes Less Time Than You Think to Learn a Foreign Language.

Try The BERLITZ® Learn-At-Home Language Program for 10 Days... *RISK-FREE.*

Available in Spanish, French, German, and Italian Programs

For years, Fortune 500 companies have turned to BERLITZ to help them go international. Now, with the help of this remarkable learn-at-home program, you can deal more effectively with foreign-speaking clients and business colleagues.

The ease and effectiveness of this learn-at-home program should come as no surprise. It has been developed by the experts at BERLITZ, a name synonymous with excellence in language instruction.

Begin with the famous Berlitz ZERO™ exercises, so named because they start you "from zero" in your new language. You learn the same way you learned English, by listening and absorbing the language as it is used in everyday settings... then repeating what you hear. In a short while, you'll even be thinking in your new language.

Perhaps you want to learn a foreign language to help yourself in your business career, or simply to get more enjoyment out of foreign travel. Whatever your reasons, you'll find the Berlitz Learn-At-Home program to be a fast, fun, and effortless way to learn the language of your choice.

If your company is not reimbursing you for this course, it is tax deductible if used for business purposes.

The program, which comes in a handsome briefcase, contains:

- The 10-lesson, 90-minute ZERO cassette to familiarize you with the spoken language. You begin speaking immediately.
- Forty additional lessons on five 60-minute cassettes to put your growing command of the language to work in a variety of real-life situations.
- Six illustrated workbooks to visually reinforce what you're hearing and explain the usage of the language you're learning.
- A pocket-size two-way dictionary that makes word-finding a snap – whether it's finding the English meaning of a foreign word or vice versa.
- The Berlitz Rotary Verb Finder that lets you instantly change any of four dozen common verbs into present, past or future tense.

Berlitz Money Back Guarantee

Try the Berlitz Learn-At-Home program for ten days. If you are not satisfied for any reason, simply return it and receive a complete refund.

For your convenience on credit card orders dial toll-free

1-800-431-9003
and refer to Dept. 2115
24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

FREE!

4 BERLITZ TRAVEL GUIDES

Informative, accurate, up-to-date. Full color Berlitz Travel Guides cover single destinations thoroughly, feature maps and illustrations, slip easily into pocket or purse. Yours to keep, even if you return the course.

(At bookstores $4.95 each)

BERLITZ PUBLICATIONS, Inc. Dept. 2115
P.O. BOX 506 Delran, NJ 08370-0506

Send **Berlitz Comprehensive Cassette Course(s)** checked.
$135.00 each in briefcase plus $5 for shipping and insured delivery.

☐ **French** 96100 ☐ **German** 96101 ☐ **Italian** 96102 ☐ **Spanish** 96103

☐ Send me my 4 Berlitz Travel Guides **free.** (96943, 96947, 96939, 96966)

Enclosed check_____ money order_____ payable to Berlitz.
Or charge my AMEX_____ Diners Club_____ VISA_____
MasterCard InterBank #_____ Exp. Date_____
Card #_____ Exp. Date_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
N.Y. and N.J. residents add sales tax. Allow 2 to 3 weeks for delivery

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED